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PEOPLE OF OTHER WORLDS

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BY VESTA LA VIESTA

THE COSMOLOGIST

AND

PLANETARY EXPLORER

* Copy

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AND
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*Oh thou great Almighty Universal Spirit,
Whose powers are displayed in the splendor of the sun.
The silvery moon, the starry kingdom, and the rainbow hues.
Oh thou regal star of faith, guide me on, ever on.*

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PREFACE

FAITH'S LIGHT (consciousness) is gained only thru FAITH. To become worldly wise one must study the habits and people of their country, also other countries and their methods of living. So if we wish to become universalized we must spiritually visit and study the inhabitants of other globes.

This is an effortsome task, due to our accepted crystalized human mind state of living.

This mission I have accomplished with Divine preparation and guidance for the purpose of uplifting mankind of Earth against gigantic odds. Fortunes and at times all the comforts this world has to give, for the elements of the body have to be tempered and tested by Truth to withstand these psychological physical reactions.

Trusting that the Soul Urger in you will be prompted to aid in sending this knowledge broadcast. "Blessed is he that sees another's need and provides it."

To the fleshbound man or earth grubber, all things spiritual are foolishness.

When one desires to unfold their spiritual nature
And become at one with the ABSOLUTE,
One has to follow the spirit
And go wherever it leadeth;
In the swirling and gliding
In and out through the mazes of life's kaleidoscopic
dance
Struggling with uncertainties.

In its hazardous flight, which leaves no time for
doubt

It is the Eternal NOW.

That sways the emotions and frees the soul,
Then man steps forth—a living fire
An epiphany of Joy.

A LIGHT eternal.

America was once a spiritual vision in Christopher
Columbus' mind, then he had to demonstrate its
reality.

This takes gigantic courage and immortal faith.
FOR THE PIONEER NEVER FOLLOWS IN THE
WAKE,
THEY ARE EPOCH MAKERS,
THORN CROWNED AND
ONWARD BOUND.

All those Globes that I have visited have been assteri-
cally cabled by illuminous ether, and all those who desire
in their hearts to communicate spiritually with these
worlds can do so.

How to attune the divine revelator.

The telepathic code.

How to be your own Seer.

How to apply the divine principle and self-healing and aid
others.

This book will be sold for One Dollar.

WHO IS READY TO JOIN THE COSMIC CENTRE?

All the proceeds of this work are to go towards the securing of a place for the New Kingdom, a living centre for Life, for all truth seekers who wish to serve God and get their soul unfoldment.

To all who wish to join the spirit of the New Age send in your name and quota and what you can do. All advanced individuals have a soul wealth. Those with foul tongues, vicious natures and inclined to harm their fellow beings need not apply. They are not ready for wisdom teachings; all individual atmospheres indicate by their color density and purity their state of unfoldment; age no barrier.

A lady living in West Palm Beach, Florida has offered to give 180 acres of land for this purpose, but would like to open a parent centre in Greater New York.

There are many empty mansions and unused grounds and most likely philanthropically inclined people. Put a little God in whatever you have to do, and all things will be magically transformed for you.

Please communicate with the author at 131 Christopher Street, New York City.

Telepathics college where the soul language is taught.

How to send and receive mental messages.

How to apply the divine principle in self-healing and aid others.

How to be your own seeress.

A SEERESS' BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLANETS OF THIS SOLAR SYSTEM, SUN AND MOON

By
VESTA LA VIESTA
The Cosmologist and Planetary Explorer

Demonstrating the Principle of Universality, Unveiling Destiny,
Revealing the Continuity of Life, and Manifesting the
Cosmic Body, from Essence to Form, and
from Form to Essence

DIVINITY

INTRODUCTORY AND PREPARATION FOR VISITING OTHER WORLDS

THE IMMENSITY OF THE STARRY REALMS

Astronomical science has taught us that those myriads of tiny twinklers in the heavens, which we call stars, are in reality vast globes of matter, and recent investigations have revealed the stupendous fact that, among these infinitudes of spheres, there are hundreds of millions of suns, many of which, like Sirius and Arcturus, transcend our Sun thousands of times in both brilliancy and magnitude. And yet, it would require no less than one million, three hundred thousand globes as large as our earth to fill the vast interior of a hollow sphere as large as the Sun!

Are the stars inhabited?

The question naturally arises, for what purpose do these vast globes exist? Are they all, excepting the Earth, void and dead, or do they merely exist to deck the firmament as jewels for man to admire, or to serve him as guideposts in his travels on land or at sea? "I would gently ask," says Sir David Brewster, in his charming work, "More Worlds than One," "what purpose could so gigantic a world as Jupiter, for instance, have been created for? Why do the Moons throw their silvery light upon its continents and seas, the equatorial breezes blow perpetually over the plains, unless to supply the wants, and administer to the happiness of living beings?"

Abstract reasoning alone, however, will neither solve the problem as a whole, nor shed the least ray of light upon the actual conditions in other spheres.

Great efforts are being made by the wizards of invention to construct an instrument powerful enough to transmit intelligibly communications to some of the nearest planets.—I trust they may succeed.

But, fortunately, we need not wait for this to happen. There are other means for reaching truth in these matters, and to the true in spirit, regarding these things, they need no longer remain in doubt, for they can go to these worlds and find out their conditions for themselves (that is what I have done) and take the reactions. All the heavenly bodies which I have visited are inhabited—the Sun and Moon included, and in every one of these spheres the people were farther advanced, in soul development, than the farthest advanced nations upon Earth!

I have made frequent visits to planets and satellites of our solar system, as well as to the Sun itself, and some of my friends urged me to make these visits public; so I asked the powers of universal light for guidance. In answer, they showed me a large purple globe, inscribed "JUPITER," with a star upon it, indicating that they approved and that they wished me to begin by visiting Jupiter, where they demonstrate Divine Justice.

In preparing my outfit for my first definite conscious journey when in the body, we prepare for a long journey; we take pains to secure a suitable outfit for the voyage. First, the powers of light swathed my astral body in a long bandage of a delicate rubber-like texture (made from astral forces), to serve as an insulator in passing through various coils, loops and magnetic lines in space, bundling me up until I looked exactly like an illuminated Egyptian mummy. Then they drew forth from within my own being, atoms of Universal Life Essence. Those atoms they linked together, twirling them into rope shape, encircling my mummified astral body therewith, in complex loopings, and then—I went forth like a flash of lightning "amid the wandering fires that move in mystic dance."

It took but a few moments for me to reach the edge of the Earth's atmosphere. There I came to a large square opening into the interstellar spaces. The thought put me on the train, so to speak, and I went whirling through space like a tiny star, to my destination.

Those who do not consciously travel in spirit, and therefore are not likely to know about the laws governing spirit consciousness, will naturally ask, how is it possible to form a general opinion of the condition of a world more than Twelve Hundred times larger than the Earth in so brief a space of time. In dreams, for example, before awakening, whole stories may be dreamt in a few moments, and persons in imminent danger of life, especially by drowning, have often seen their whole life record pass before their spirit eye during the few seconds while life was trembling in the balance.

MAGNETIC AURAS AND ATMOSPHERES

Then again, spirit is conscious of totals, as well as details. To explain this, I have to fall back upon the experiences of seers or mystics. They can see magic auras and atmospheres, and through them it is known that all things, stone, earth, water, air and beings have auras and atmospheres which indicate their spiritual consciousness of their own and their associates. Individuals on about the same stage of development radiate similar auras, and these, by the laws of attraction and assimilation, unite, blend and fuse, creating a composite magnetic atmosphere, which surrounds, envelopes and acts and reacts upon all. These atmospheres are perfectly apparent to the "open vision," and although intangible to the mortal senses, are as palpable to the spiritual feelings as are the variations of heat and cold to the physical body. All such atmospheres betray by their color, density, purity and extent, the general condition and relative stage of development of those to whom the atmosphere belongs.

When consciously traveling in spirit we feel any variations there may be, in the magnetic atmosphere which we pass through.

The Sun is a stupendous dynamo, with three revolving globes circling around within each other in opposite directions.

The outer covering is a pumice-stone or rock-like crusting, and the inner, or centre, is like our steel substance, but many miles in thickness. And the inner, or third sphere, is similar to our physical atmosphere, only much more purified.

And inside of this, there are two broken rings, or globes, that fit into each other and these worlds are connected by water.

People dwell within those two spheres.

When parts of this outer crusting (by any means) are sloughed or vibrated off, then we see what is generally termed spots on the sun. In reality, we see this steel-like substance revolving and glistening like ebony within.

There are several spots on the sun and moon, or openings, that the scientists have given different names.

Just after my first visit to the Sun, there was discovered a very large spot on the Sun's surface. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that I was a little inexperienced, in knowing how to fuse graciously with the crusting and a larger portion of the surface was disturbed, than otherwise should have been.

The Sun is very cold, and only the most rarefied astral can endure or penetrate it consciously. If the Sun were as hot as the scientists claim, it would long ere this have been an ash heap sifting its way through immensity.

The Sun is the nexus between our solar system, or vestibule into another universe.

The planetary loop of Jupiter, on the other hand, is even and undivided showing that the entire evolution of the planet and its inhabitants is uniform, harmonious and happy.

One point more as regards principles of spirit consciousness. Sleep and trance, dreams and spirit experiences are totally different from each other. Sleep rests and recuperates the bodily and mental organs; trance liberates the spirit consciousness.

Dreams are reflex human mind activities, bound up with physical relaxation and external unconsciousness: dreams are physical creations, confined to human experiences, infinite combinations of what one has sensed or felt at any time. But spirit consciousness **dominates** both mind and body and it is wholly independent in its activities of what we have ever seen or felt.

UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS IS A CHARTER OF THE SOUL; ACCORDED FOR RIGHT USAGE OF POWERS AND INSURING FREEDOM OF WILL

To consciously visit other worlds is no easy matter. In the first place, we must acquire perfect mundane consciousness and this, even at best, takes many years of hard work and innumerable trances. This is the means whereby the spirit consciousness is acquired.

The immortal essence has to be purged of all falsity. True aspiration will greatly assist, but one must know life,—live!

In the next place, our consciousness must penetrate beyond the Earth's realms, and attain to universality, to which end, our mortal consciousness must be stored with universal life essence.

The universally conscious spirit may discern the general conditions of a planet in the twinkling of an eye, by noting the appearance of its Planetary loop of enlightenment. If the loop is even and undivided, it shows that the development of the planet and its inhabitants is even and peaceful. But if it is split up in smaller loops, it shows that the general development is attended with struggle and conflict. Take Earth and Jupiter for examples.

Earth

Jupiter

The Earth-loop is split up in loops within loops, circle within circle, the total appearing like vast masses of unwound twisted and snarled-up threads, showing that the whole unfoldment on Earth is uneven, localized, and clashy, accompanied with endless sorrow, pain and strife.

All the human experience that go to make up life in this thought-body.

Spirit outstrips all practical limitations.

Reason can be stretched, although the process is somewhat painful.

THE UNIVERSAL COIL OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Universal Life Essence is obtained from the Universal Coil of Enlightenment.

This coil, or cable, or river of Spiritualized essences, constitutes, so to speak, the magic, umbilical cord, that binds together the Creator and His Creations, whom it infuses with divine aspiration and inspiration, endowing them with immortal faith, hope and love.

In our solar system it establishes the organic and spiritual nexus between the Sun and the Planets. It compasses each planet with a vast illuminated loop, which in passing through the planet supplies and exchanges spiritual life force with beings who aspire to receive it.

THE UNIVERSAL COIL AND MAN

Now to come into vital touch consciously with this universal coil is a problem. Mere longing and wishing will not secure this end. That requires continuous aspirational development and training of the most arduous and severe character.

Christ said: "Ye are the image and likeness of God"; and in our possibilities we are God-like, for in our essence there is the Creative and Wisdom forces of the universe; we are microcosms, or miniature worlds.

In order to receive life essence from the universal coil, we must become universal, i.e., broaden and expand from self to unself—and into universal self-hood. To that end, we should master and conquer all our mortal weaknesses, prejudices (which is the lack of human experience) desires, ambitions, passions, doubts and fears. Self in all its forms must be vanquished. Failures, disappointments, sufferings and trials are merely task-masters for that purpose. They show us that self is a worthless anchor for the ship of life, and with its realization, comes interest in others with a feeling of a closer and keener companionship in their joys, sorrows, defeat and victories, in their so-called sins, and crimes, as well as in their goodness, rectitude and virtue, until we lovingly and all-feelingly feel for every creature in the whole world, and recognize that all are part of:

"That stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is,
And God—the Soul."

Thus suffering maketh for a state of loving other selves as ourselves, widening and deepening our sympathies and feelings until they compass the Universe. Then they come into vital relation to the Universal Coil, and receive its immortal waters which give us Universal Life, Light and Wisdom; we become God-like, capable of seeing, knowing, and understanding all things.

In this state of unfoldment, the earth-dross—that mixture of the elements of the body which makes us feel full and heavy—is gradually being burnt out, while the Astral (spiritualized physical) powers are purified and refined. And as the X-ray of Universal light is let into the sanctuary of the soul, immortality awakens, the spirit expands, loosening and lessening the atomic gravitation of our physical compounds, until the attraction of Earth itself, does lose its hold. Only when thus, the laws of physical **cohesion and earthly gravitation are overcome**, can the divine spark, be disengaged from the body, and the spirit be free to soar at will where-soever it listeth on the wings of light and love.

All opposition is a divine stimulant.

The Universal Illuminated Coil or River of Light, (as I term it), this Magic Umbilical Cord, binds together the creations with its Creator and penetrates every globe, with its diamond-like phosphorescent fluid, forming a loop through each planet with the universal never-failing supply of spiritual life force. This gulf of wisdom of live-for-ever essence, with its transcending brilliancy, beggars description and awe shadows the imagination.

Oh, how I wish that everybody could see this imperishable and most glorious of sights. This sublime majestic crystal stream of translucent molten silver, glistening with Divine splendor moving with inconceivable swiftness through its endless starry path—and back, to the great Sun-heart, Nature's laboratory of potentialities, where the chemicals of life are spiritualized and refined and the finer essence is carried forward to farther advanced solar systems to **THE CENTRE OF CENTRES**, and the remainder is carried back through the universal coil, or River of Light, to supply our spiritual needs.

We are a tiny spark, from this infinite ALL.

The ideal substance out of which man is composed—and Love is the mighty attraction that keeps us attuned to this all-source.

For my first visit to the Sun I had to store my mortal consciousness with such universal essence and the process of preparation lasted during some three weeks of almost steady trance.

And when the I-AM within me was ready, it flashed forth and out into space and on approaching the Sun's atmosphere its rapid vibrations repelled me, and I dodged and dodged, till I could become as one with its motion.

HOW WE RECEIVE OUR LIGHT AND HEAT FROM THE SUN

Surrounding each planet, is projected from the Earth and its form life, a physical atmosphere, or Aura (that the universalized adept can see and penetrate), this aura is many miles in density like a halo around a globe, and at the extreme edge, there is formed a carbon-like crusting—which keeps this world and others from fusing with each other. This substance, when vibrated upon by

the electrical emanations from the Sun-Rays (that have to penetrate the heatless interstellar spaces), and the friction it gives out, strikes this carbon surface, ignites and forms a heat producing effect, which is thrown back upon the Earth and its inhabitants, giving both heat and light.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE SUN

These inhabitants are about eight feet tall and are self-illuminated; they are bald-headed, and each faculty (or organ) in the head scintillates and appears like a glittering jewel.

This represents the different material conscious essence crystallized of each faculty, that they have gathered and condensed from each planet, in their universal tour, until the Sunite's head appears like an encrusted ornament or diadem, dazzling with many prismatic-colored gems—emeralds, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, pearls, etc.

Their principal occupation is to shine, like individual suns.

The Sunites create whatever they require by magic—think their wishes into form, and when they are through with this thought substance, it dissolves back into essence again—nothing exists in the sun without a purpose.

To procure one's soul-mate in the sun, one has to find another soul who has faculties to correspond; in size and color, to match each brilliant in their radiant crown. When this is accomplished, they are ready to combine chemically, match up and disintegrate, and become as one with the dissolved ocean of illuminated atoms of refined and purified form substance.

The Sun is the Universal Burying Ground, so to speak, and from this, a new form of life is produced evolved; they are then ready to progress to another solar system.

The Sun is where the perfected crystallized individual elements are disintegrated and fused with the liquified all human conscious experiences, from the universal tour, and where they become as one with the infinite principle, capable of appearing and disappearing at will.

Submerging self into the Divine, seeing, hearing, knowing, non-resisting, till tempered flesh is **LIKE STEEL LIQUEFIED**, and they form one of the love leavened mass.

Of such Christ was the first begotten Son. He had His choice to go forth, to father advanced solar systems, or to return to this and become our Saviour, so we could walk in his Universal Light and be born again out of the flesh, pain and passion into the Love of the spirit and have the all-consciousness within.

THE MOON

Of all creepy hobgobbling theories that have been voiced, those regarding the moon, are perhaps, the most squirmishing and terror producing; and ghostly inspiring of any ever heard.

We have all felt at some time or other, that shivery sensation that we would become moon-struck; our parents (and would-be protectors) have emphatically declared, if we went out love-spooning, we would become moon-crazed, etc.

That the moon was a dead body with great gaping fissures and mountainous crags where unearthly echoes issued forth, from its numerous caverns, until I felt somewhat reluctant to peer into the tidal producing satellite.

I had to shake off the unrest that lurked within conscious vaults, or spring centres of thought dominion, and O! my, what a gigantic effort one has to make to rid one's self of the accumulated imaginary rubbish regarding the mysteries of life. It requires a strong determination and great love to explore into the reality of being to vanquish those psychological notions out of one's aura. And yet where is there a lover, no matter how ardent and preoccupied, who has not sung the praises of his beloved to the night wanderer, as it suddenly loomed up into the deep blue vaulted dome or disappeared again beneath its shifting vapory vales, now and then darting out its moonbeams to give light and shade across those love-cooing moods.

Ah see! My treasure! My idol! My love!

Behold the night wonder in the heavens above!

And how tender the adored one's voice, suddenly becomes while the moon sheds its silvery light to tempt the shy glances to dart out from the limpid eyes of the soul-stirred love companion, and make the fingers clutch with a tremulous ecstasy, and cause the joyous hand-clasps to send those electric thrills, quivers and scintillations throughout one's being, in rhythmic, wave-like sensations, that ebb and flow, as those delightful spasmodic love-breaths quickly come and go, and cause the aspirational currents to ascend and descend in the scale of the imagination.

Where is there a knight, who ever doffed his hat, or bent his knee to maiden fair, or who has dared to steal a kiss in the midnight air, able to deny the fact, that they were not quickened by the moon's genial light?

And that tender glances and sweeter emotions were experienced as the moon-beams flashed out and caused the sparkling gleam of love to illuminate each other's eyes, and kindled a flame of adoration in each heart.

If Truth be present, the answer would be in the affirmative.

We all have a tiny leaflet tucked away in our memory of those exquisite moments, through life's ragged trials, and so all one has to do is to touch the well-spring of thought, to recall those cherished recollections—and here we will leave each soul to its own soliloquy.

Poets and lovers alike have all felt a twitch in their arm, to express their dreamy appreciation of the moon, either by a squeeze or a verse. It is all prose, or pose, anyhow.

All planets and satellites have life, how could such an erroneous notion fasten itself upon a conscious individual to the contrary.

All differ in their creation and are strange and weird as the purpose of the creative principles as the Almighty fancies or directs.

All the circulating luminaries that attract our attention, in space, have a recognized, appreciative understanding, of the independent needs of their race (excepting the Earth).

The Moon has a maiden's coyness in only showing a crescent glimpse of her brilliancy at a time, and then by degrees she rounds out, and there she is! In all her luminous plumpness, which bobs, winks and nods to her would-be admirers alike.

Even the tippler has been coaxed off into dreamland by the moon's shimmering light and let the torturing essence to evaporate from the brain, in the hazy mist of No-where.

How much, or how little, is due to the moon's hypnotic suggestion we will leave the wise to calculate.

It is due perhaps to this hypnotic fascination, that the people in the moon make love continually the live-long time, with that abandonment that all the inhabitants of the moon feel for each other.

A Description of the Denizens of the Moon

The average height of the people in the moon is between six and seven feet tall, rather angular, flat-chested, and broad-shouldered, with a luxurious growth of brownish hair; with a **mooney** facial expression, light blue full or pop-eyes. No mental or head training or calculative cultivation, the natural spontaneity illuminates their human emotions and dominates or rules them, with their Napoleon-like sensational spirit. They appear as if there was a fiery flash of aspiration flame, like the hot steam or that of an ether-like cloud hovering around their chest when they are emotionally aroused.

They live in one continuous round of chemical exchange. No ownership, or jealousy exists amongst them.

They do not seem to be troubled about the sanctity of marriage, nor do they have any time for useless ceremony. No money to purchase the ministerial blessing and so no one takes the trouble to prepare for that calling.

They are not at all careful about selecting mates or soul affinities, all being on about the same stage of unfoldment.

Their dwelling places are about fifteen hundred feet long and two stories high, rudely constructed, made of unpainted boards, with balconies running the entire length and openings that serve as doors which are never closed and are free of access at all time.

They live in a brotherly or communistic life and roam at liberty; dart in and out like bees, from door to door, in a sylph-like fashion. According to the promptings of their desires.

No poverty and where everything is in common. Each planet supplies sufficient for all the needs of each individual on its surface.

All are dressed in loose, white flowing robes, down to the ankles.

They have winter and summer alternatively, about every twelve hours and the electrical changes are very severe and sudden.

All the inhabitants of the moon wear a bronze metal badge, fastened on their left shoulder, to keep them from being struck by lightning.

All inhabitants are especially tempered for the physical life that exists on their globe.

In the Moon, they have a dual nature, but very harmonious as they change, grow hot and cold with the temperature.

Clash and turmoil comes with monetary rule, and belongs to earth—especially. Due to the fact perhaps of the unknown quality of each soul that is pilgrimaging through this globe.

They have no old folks or children in the Moon, all are middle-aged in appearance. Souls working toward perfected human unfoldment gravitate to the moon where their emotional tendencies ripen in unfettered freedom.

Their foliage is delicate and fernlike in its aspect, and has a way of springing or leaping up like magic suddenly before one.

They have canals or narrow streams of water, throughout their satellite, and huge mountains of a soft, pumice-like stone substance.

The inhabitants have a rollicking, graceful and genial element about them, like children of nature, who have not been checked or hampered by artificial ways of living.

The Sun appears to be the perfected centre of spiritual development of our Solar system. So the Moon seems to be the correspondingly perfected illuminated human state of unfoldment.

And as I see, feel and sense the different developments of the inhabitants of each planet, that I become enraptured with and endeavor to faithfully portray them—still, there is that same pungent, smarting and fascinating evasiveness that deludes, attracts and repels one and fades away again into nothingness, when one attempts to describe them, as when one becomes acquainted with an individual and wonders what it is they admire—feel—and appreciate. Or like the delicate fragrance of some strange blossom or perfume that one endeavors to name; I can only state after having had a good shake-up, through my emotions, while assimilating the chemical essence of the Moon qualities, which seemed like an immeasurable pressure on my chest, until I had loosened and vibrated into etheric realms; and as I became acclimated (something similar to a clam after a severe storm), the individuals of the Moon left a pleasing remembrance; for those we know we learn to love.

PROCESS OF SPIRITUAL ASSIMILATION

In visiting other worlds, one takes on the soul conscious emanations, and has to assimilate those essences inwardly while there, in the spirit, and fuse them out, through the physical being, those different chemical forces on returning to the body.

One feels very curious during this process, and the uncomfortable suppression and suffocation of this process is almost overpowering, while in the effort to become at one with the influx, the body expands and contracts like the incoming and outgoing tide.

This is like a delirium, where all the sensations in cyclonic effort, rush in, pell mell, helter skelter, with lightning rapidity, for recognition.

Then a coaxing and repelling and jostling of atoms takes place, in this new adjustment, causing the whole being to wrench and strain under the great pressure.

And one of these spiritual feedings, or universalizing expansion experiences, has to be thoroughly digested before another trip is contemplated.

This sometimes requires months of patient, silent, loving and non-resisting tempering.

This world-touring gives one a solar plexus tempest-wrenching, or an equinoctial all-round gale-like sensation peculiar to itself.

This is a sort of concentrated, intensified universal intoxication, of the nectar of life, with a live for-ever element about it, never to be forgotten.

Where the thought-currents go swirling around within, and one's individual consciousness in its persistent efforts to keep poised is something like the needle of a compass on shipboard at sea, in a raging storm.

Then a thrilling wonderment steals through and fills one with awe.

And the disagreeable process fades away, and one feels an added power, an added strength, heretofore never dreamt of.

And again, this feverish, eager, restless desire, pervades one's entire being, to soar out, into the inviting ether, and to feel once more that pleasurable thrill, of a new experience to view strange sights in other worlds.

That sense of unlimited freedom, to realize the infinite possibility of man, to penetrate the realms of mystery and to know life is immortal and God's consciousness the aim.

J U P I T E R

Where Divine Justice Is Manifested The Firmament in Jupiter

By

VESTA LA VIESTA

The sky in Jupiter has several unique features. The square opening into its atmosphere is plainly seen from the body of the planet. It looks like an enormous light-blue shawl, with fringe-like borders and within its square, there appear some pale stars, in appearance the size of our Venus and having very marked asterisk-like radiations. A little off to the right, I saw a dull-hued moon, with a second blurred or marred and close by, another satellite, looking like an elongated moon, shaped like a stubby torch with flame-like projections from its widest end. Evidently, it was a malformed moon, shaped so by its heat focus being at one side instead of the center. I have since found that these malformations are probably the result of great side pressure owing to their paths around the planet being in some parts very narrow and compressed. With the exception of the stars in the square and these two moons, the entire firmament seemed to be void of heavenly bodies. This appeared so strange to me that I rose up into the blue ether, and there I saw the whole heavens were closely studded with luminous minute dot-like points, evidently infinitude of stars at infinite distances from Jupiter.

THE SURFACE OF JUPITER

The surface of Jupiter is remarkable for its uniformity both as to constituents and appearance. As far as I know, there is no soil on earth like it. It consists of a soft, elastic, porous or spongy mould, of a dull, dark-brown color, and is never perfectly dry.

It necessitates the wearing of thin, low, rubber slippers over their shoes whenever they go out. But this dampness does not make the soil sticky or slippery. ✓

It is not disagreeable or injurious to health—indeed, it does not seem to affect anything injuriously, wooden structures, metals, etc., but, as a result, the whole planet and everything, plants, animals and people are scrupulously clean; everything is clean—clean.

There are terrific wind storms in Jupiter, but there does not seem to be any rain storms, so, for that reason, watering of the vegetation appears to be wholly committed to the dew, but it is a most peculiar dew. It appears periodically like our dew and after remaining for a while, it slowly sinks into the ground. It appears like a filmy, flaky, gluey, coating or crust, resembling frosting of flaking mica, covering the earth crust all over from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness.

THE PEOPLE IN JUPITER

Jupiter is inhabited by human beings, millions upon millions. I have seen great numbers of men and women and youths, but not one infant or very old man or woman.

Individually, the people in Jupiter represent the average civilized man upon earth, very much as regards form, appearance, mental ability, etc., but as a race they differ so widely from us that the range of comparison is very narrow. But even as individuals they present many very striking and curious contrasts with all humanity.

In the first place, their condition is everywhere one of health, happiness and contentment. In the next place, they all resemble one another so strongly (to my mind) in character and appearance as to inevitably suggest that they are all love-blossoms, born of the same happy father and mother. In size, weight, color and appearance, dress, activity and habits, they seem to be the same the globe over, i.e., about five feet, five inches in height, 135 to 160 pounds in weight, a rich olive complexion, large, very large, brown eyes, brown hair, varies here and there with auburn. The men have full short beards—all wear clothes in a general way like those worn by civilized beings on earth. The men have wide, square knee trousers, with outside pockets and a loose sack coat. The women wear short dresses reaching down to the ankle, and of a Princess or Gabrielle cut. All use long stockings and low flannel shoes, over which they slip a thin rubber covering when they go out. The women generally go out bareheaded or else wear a brimless hat or turban made of some soft, flexible material like our "Panama" and the men usually cover their heads with a soft slouch hat.

CLOTHING

All their clothing is made of dull-colored, substantial but very soft material. The only difference in these fabrics is that some are a little finer than others; these finer grades remind me of our bolting silk. They do not use the skin of animals in any way for clothing—neither do they partake of fish, flesh or fowl for food.

Close examinations revealed some very striking peculiarities. Their heads, for example, are peculiarly even and full both in size and in outline. The forehead is rather low, gracefully molded, the back part of the head is very full, well rounded and large but not out of proportion to the contour of the entire head, indicating that they have good thought powers, free from mind slavery and governed only by that higher instinct or active intelligence which blends the sympathies and feeling within.

THEIR TEETH

All their teeth have the form of double molars—very short, sound, white and even,—only protruding just beyond the gums, showing that the inhabitants of Jupiter live upon plant productions principally.

THEIR HANDS

One of the most striking differences between them and us is their superior strength and flexibility of the hands and of the whole body; one peculiarity about them is that the second finger is shorter than the first and third, about an inch.

A HUMAN MONSTER

The examination of their mouths cost me one of the most exciting trials in my whole astral life. Having no means to make myself understood from the human or physical standpoint, I approached a man whom I saw in a room and indicated to him that I wished to examine his person more closely. I was filled with thought, with a curious desire to know, which they were not accustomed to, so when I approached him, he seemed indifferent, and allowed me to feel of his head and hand but when I examined his teeth he became restless, wrenched his hand away from me and burst into a fury and instantly changed into a monster, having human eyes.

His body took the form of a huge toad with an enormously big mouth and from its hips there sprang forth two flat, tapering rattlesnake-like colored tails, some ten or twelve feet in length. Instantly he began to hop and skip about the floor and out into the air and into the water reservoir in front of the house. He floundered around for a few seconds, then leaped upon the flag stones and made a dash for me, snapping his huge mouth and grabbing hold of me wherever he could. No one interfered. It was an intensely trying experience. The monster was biting large portions out of my astral form and all I could do for self-protection was to remain absolutely passive, simply willing back in place the bitten-off parts. There is a law that if we show or feel the least doubt or fear when out in the spirit, we immediately gravitate back to our bodies and, as then, we become unconscious; we are also liable to get our astral forms injured and lose consciousness of the experience. I stood my ground simply affirming that I was a spirit and nothing the monster could do would hurt me, so, after a while, he wearied and left me alone.

I hesitate somewhat about making this experience public; to the ordinary way of thinking, it would seem like a wild fancy, the vagary of a disordered brain—either from disease or liquor—and yet I feel that it was given me in order to make it known, therefore I tell it just as it transpired; thinking it over, it has occurred to me that possibly it was to show that what we call fairy tales may have had a more substantial foundation than we commonly credit them with.

Some who do not wholly dismiss such things as unworthy of attention, ascribe them to a merely psychic significance—as in the case of the Arabian Nights.

But this astral experience of mine inclines me to think that the fairy tales in the early days of man's existence on earth may have been similar transformations, from man to beast and vice versa (except for that one outburst of fury against me, I have not seen any strife in Jupiter).

THE INTER-PLANETARY MEANS OF SPEECH

As I was vainly experimenting, for the purpose of making myself understood from a physical standpoint, for we all know how difficult it is to make each other understood if we have not passed through the same experiences, so one of the men in Jupiter suddenly hit on an idea. He went out and after a little while returned with a singular looking but most exquisitely delicate apparatus, made of some kind of metal, which he placed on the top of his head, so that it covered the top, passing over the forehead, back and over the lower brain, thence forward over the upper lip into the upper part of the mouth. As I spoke, the sound waves struck the delicate, sensitive plate upon the head, conveying by the vibrations over the brain and back into the palate, giving the wearer an accurate idea of what I wished him to know—thus I had secured a correct interpreter between the people of Jupiter and myself. By this means, I secured a mass of information concerning their physical life. The existence of this instrument proved to me that in essence, all languages are the same, no matter how different they may sound to the ear.

HOMES

The inhabitants of Jupiter are very social and they live in communities. Not huddled up in vast cities like our highly civilized people but in large, commodious dwellings, widely separated from each other and built upon the most choice and attractive hills. These houses are from one to two stories in height and constructed so as to accommodate comfortably from two to three hundred people.

They are built on large, sloping hills—one side steep, and they have rough hewn stone steps, leading into the valley below and at the top; just in front of each house, there is a large reservoir containing crystal pure water. The reservoir sinks into the rocks of gray stone and the other side of the dwelling has a lovely, sloping, grass-covered lawn and at some distance from the house there is a large garden producing all kinds of fruit and vegetables. The houses are built of wood entirely and are put together with marvelous skill and care but they are very plain and simple in their architecture.

Paint and colors seem to be wholly unused among them; the interior of their homes are fitted up comfortably but with extreme simplicity. The houses are divided into kitchen, eating room and sleeping apartments.

They live mostly out of doors and therefore their houses are practically lodgings. In the kitchen, there is a kind of stove which looks like a metal box. It gives out a good deal of heat, but it has no openings apparently, either for admitting substance for fuel or emitting smoke. It receives its heat from a corrugated steel cylinder, radiating a heat about fifteen degrees, similar to that of "solar power." They have no carpets or upholstered furniture. The bedrooms are large, with enormous beds about fifteen feet in length and fixed firmly to the wall. The eating room is a vast oblong hall, having a large table always set with an abundance of fruit, plain, low wooden benches fixed firmly around the four walls and a number of wooden chairs here and there about the room. They have no set meal hours. Everybody eats when he likes, and what he likes.

They do not have any culinary dishes—the only cooked food I saw was some kind of griddle cake and baked vegetables.

The houses have windows with very small panes, from a substance something like glass.

I visited one of their gardens. A lovely, spiritual woman who knew that I was a visitor from some other planet, most graciously offered me some fruit to taste but I did not do so, lest it subject me to some law which might hamper my investigation at this time. They seemed to be delicious and some of them were very peculiar. I will try to describe three of their special favorites.

The one most sought for, on account of its taste, looks exactly like a purple plum (egg shape) but it has no stone or seed and as far as I could make it out, they called it PELFT. It grows on a tree some eight or ten feet high and three to four feet in diameter. At one side, near the top, there springs forth horizontally one enormous leaflike growth some fifteen or sixteen feet in length and about one-half a foot in width, not unlike the giant palm leaves of Japan, and having similar palm leaf folds radiating from the base of the leaf. From the end of each of these folds there grows out a short, sharp thorn, each of the thorns bearing a fruit on its point. In order to protect the fruits in its ripening process, the tree sends forth from the trunk a fine, fibrous, wire-like netting, which extends until it covers the entire leaf and fruit with a protective sheeting. The fruit ripens successfully from below, upwards, and at the bottom of the sheeting there is a round hole, just large enough for the fruit to fall through when ripe.

Their second favorite, they eat more of, on account of its nourishing and strengthening properties. It is about the size of an Indian Pumalo with a thick rind of pale, yellow color, reminding one of our grapefruit.

It grows on a very large tree, like our walnuts, and hangs from its branches as our apples but does not break them off because of its extraordinary lightness. Moreover, it is seedless. The third is barren of seed but it is very juicy and looks like a

yellow tomato, both in color and size and grows in great profusion on a bush five or six feet high, similar in appearance to one of our sage brush.

The people are not given to commerce and they are very domestic in their natures, therefore they travel comparatively little. Trade, which is our chief motive for travel, and inventions in travel, do not exist among them, so they have no huge engines either on land or sea. Their favorite mode of traveling is on foot or on horseback, or in the air by means of aeropede or winged velocipede. They are great walkers and love to traverse long distances on foot. They have small but strong fleet-footed horses which they ride standing upright on the bare backs of the animal.

THEIR AEROPEDES FOR TRAVELING IN THE AIR

Roughly speaking, their flying machines are made of a very light kind of metal resembling aluminum. The machines consist of a box-like enclosure in which the aeronaut stands and from the box projects two bat-like wings from 14 to 15 feet in length, from tip to tip.

They are very curiously constructed, capable of being turned in any direction and like a fan shape, opening and shutting to any extent desired. These wings they paddle lightly and slowly with their feet. At the back of the box is a steering wheel, which they direct with their hands. They move about in these machines with perfect ease and safety, regardless of air currents, and they can go as slow as they please and also increase the speed to a very high rate. They have no money in Jupiter—no barter—consequently they are free from all those baneful conditions that here accompany the use of money. There is no such thing as vested rights in property. Everybody is entitled to have and take whatever he is in need of. Still they do exchange commodities and their emporium or market of exchange are as grand and imposing as any commercial structure I have ever seen on earth. I visited one of these places and it was very large and covered more than two acres of ground—one such institution supplies all the needs of the inhabitants of a very large area. Everything about them indicated harmonious co-operation and planning to expend just as little effort and caring for bodily wants as is necessary, but not one whit more.

The emporium that I examined was built of rough-hewn stones and very beautiful in design. At some distance off, it looked like a circular fortification with a bell-like tower in the center. It was situated in the middle of a vast and evenly levelled plain.

On approaching, I found that the structure was elliptical and accessible from all sides, through numerous entrances but without gates or guards—reminding me of that immortal God in Famillistere (or families of love) at Guise, France, with neither gates or bar—everybody free to go at any time from cellar to garret without any questioning.

It consisted of two areas; the outer one separated from the inner by a broad, smooth walk. The outer area consists of a high and wide one-story wall. On its inner side, it was furnished throughout with large and ingeniously constructed drawers. These contained all kinds of goods, cloth for wearing apparel, as well as ready-made clothing, household goods, instruments and tools, parts for aeropedes, etc. All arranged most tastefully and conveniently.

There were no salesmen, cash boys, no watches or detectives—all came and helped themselves to what they wanted, without anybody interfering, assisting or questioning the fact that anybody needs something, constituted his right to take it. The only thing indicating some record or account was this—that everyone that took something away left in the drawer a small check, showing what they took away so as to leave a gauge for the need of supply.

All went about neatly and deftly, being most careful not to leave the least unnecessary labor or effort for anyone else.

This was a thoroughgoing characteristic of their lives. Thus, for example, they took the greatest care not to leave refuse of any kind for others to clean up. The inside towerlike structure is built of the same material as the outer but abundantly supplied with windows. This department I did not enter but through the windows I could see within were the workshops for the making of goods that are stored in the drawers of the outer walls. There was no drudgery, no supervision, no compulsory toil, no boss—all the workers, men and women, were perfectly free; they came when they liked; did what work they pleased; worked when the spirit moved them and left off when they thought best. All of them worked contented and happy—greatly in contrast to our pitiful industrial slavery existing upon our terrestrial sphere. The principal literature I have seen in Jupiter was contained in one book and on loose written sheets. The printing was in plain characters similar to our telegraph code.

SCIENCE

I saw only one scientific instrument in Jupiter. It was a very small telescope—about four inches in length, made of a coniform piece of crystal.

It had a trumpet-shaped hole bored through it and the widest end furnished with a lens. It was made of perfectly pure crystal. The making of this telescope must have cost a great deal of labor. They were very choicé of it. I did not think much of it as a telescope compared with ours at first, but when I was permitted to look through it I was amazed at its power and the clearness with which it displayed the marvels of the heavens to my sight.

MUSIC

The only art which the inhabitants in Jupiter seem to cultivate is that of music. They are all great lovers of music and

their music is truly glorious. I witnessed one of their festivals—a favor being among them, discovered how to make an instrument delicate and sensitive enough to gather the sound waves produced by the mixing of the external light with the internal emotional vibration or the music of life and blend them in mellow rhythmic harmony.

Their celebration was very characteristic. They were all on horseback standing upright, groups of men and women four or five on each horse and graciously balancing their bodies in harmony with the music; the horses entering into the general jubilation by prancing and dancing as they advanced, down over the sloping, fertile, green, velvety plains. In the center there rode a beautiful but bashful and modest young man, seated on a chair fixed on the back of his steeds and, as they came nearer, I saw placed upon their heads metallic, cone-shaped instruments. Looking at them more closely, I found that they were made of a number of hollow metals and each in their composition of almost filmlike delicacy. They consisted of three different sized hollow metal rings, the largest at the base and the smallest at the top; separated from each other about four or five inches, and then connected by a fine central wire. The rings were hung all around with tiny hollow bits of small metal shaped like all kinds of geometrical figures. But ah, what music! Its glorious, mellow tones and heavenly symphonies wrapt my soul in aesthetic bliss—that music would have entranced a Bach, a Mozart or a Beethoven, for indeed it was attuned to even their divine ears.

THE SOCIAL LIFE

All who wish to live truly recognize and deplore the fact that our social system is largely an artificial product. Our social system exacts approval or disapproval—marks of friendship, affection and love, or the reverse—according to accepted rules of etiquette, fashion (S. C.), good breeding, irrespective of the true merit or justice, and without regard to feelings, heart or conscience. As a result, we all wear masks and our social life is tainted throughout with hypocrisy and emptiness. In Jupiter, things are different. There they are true to their natures—they appear to each other as they are, and no one censures or condemns another. As a result, pride, vanity, ambition, deception and ennui have gained no ingress among them, as they have no money or luxurious homes—no jewelry or fine clothes. They are all socially on the same footing and no one either can or feels inclined to outshine another, as they live true to their natures. They have no disease, no deformed or demented and therefore no need of doctors, hospitals, asylums, etc., being free from poverty, vice and crime. They need no government, laws, judges or police, etc. Hence no almshouses, reformatories, jails or charities, as their religion is of the heart and feelings instead of that from the head. They need no clergy and no churches.

LOVE LIFE

Generally speaking, their social life is one grand love-life. They are all loving beings who respect and honor love. All are free to manifest their affections.

Their natures have full play, hence there is no sensuality—no coarseness nor jealousy and sex tragedies are wholly unknown. This perfect freedom makes them extremely careful in choosing companions and the woman is upon full equality with man.

When a man courts a woman he must show himself to her as he is—just as he was turned out from the secret laboratory of nature—by a glance she accepts, by turning her back she declines and the decision is final.

MATESHIP

The chief aim in Jupiter regarding their social life is to find one's mate—that other self. When two love mates come together they usually retire to the recesses of the majestic mountains. In one of my visits I went into the wilds and saw there a couple of these immortal love mates. They were murmuring forth phrases of celestial rhyme to each other in words similar to these:

“Press me close, all my own,
Warms my heart for thee alone;
Every nerve responsive thrills,
Each caress my being fills.
In ecstasy I live,
Dowered with hope and immortal bliss,
For thou are mine and I am thine—eternally.”

The magnificent trees were speaking in the peculiar eloquent language which presages the coming of one of those terrific wind storms. As I stood there, awed and charmed by the grandeur of the scene I saw two people. A man and a woman standing on fleet-footed steeds came dashing down the steep and undulating sides of the mountains. It was a most beautiful sight. In my astral I have visited many lovely places upon earth and seen some exquisitely beautiful people, but never anybody to equal or compare with these wonderful beings. He had the delicacy of an Adonis blended with the power and dignity of Appollo and infused with the daring courage and sagacity of Hector and Achilles in one.

But she, Venus herself as she sprang forth from the foam of the sea, radiant with grace, health and beauty would have paled beside this woman, glowing and palpitating through her whole being with boundless, passionage and happy love, her great eyes limpid, beaming and flashing with ineffable tenderness and love. Faith, Hope and Love—ah! the greatest of these is Love.

JUSTICE

On earth we have no such thing as true Justice. It is impossible with our conditions. Justice deals with essence awarding according to the canon of monetary and property interests—a false basis for true human justice.

As they have no money or property rights in Jupiter, false justice cannot be meted out there, such as beset a pathway of mortals on earth. There is Justice in Jupiter, however—immutable, inevitable; and if justice were executed on earth, in a short while there would be left but a handful of individuals to tell the tale of what happened. There is but one law of justice in Jupiter—it decrees non-interference with each other in modes of development and the practice of mutual helpfulness of love. This law is enforced with absolute and impressive majesty. Whenever this law is violated anywhere upon the planet, there arises from the offending place into the otherwise always clear atmosphere a cloud. This cloud is seen by the executor of Justice. The planetary guardian is appointed by the higher powers to that office and he dwells in the planetary coil. When he sees such a cloud arise he comes forth from the loop into a chariot materialized for the occasion—the only vehicle that I saw while there, drawn by three splendid horses and driven thru the offending place.

On reaching the neighborhood of the transgressor one of the horses shows signs of fatigue—the guardian steps out, stands passively for a few moments while the people from all over the neighborhood come forth driven by an irresistible impulse. Meanwhile the guardian's body becomes covered with a fine network of wires and from a cloud-like vapor around his wrists (this executive power) there shoot forth two very delicate wires covered with rubber tubing and suddenly these wires snap together closing an electric current and a flash goes forth like a searchlight, striking the unnatural but no one else. Though true and false at that moment are twined in each others arms, the flash only strikes the misdoer—when struck he falls to the ground. The flash reabsorbs the immortal essence, but the body crumbles to dust and in a little while mingles with the soil and sinks out of sight. To me it was a terrible sight and I called to the guardian—asked why he did so. He replied, "I have no mind of my own, the powers do the will of God."

The people who were witnesses of the execution gave no expression of fear, regret or sorrow—everybody seemed to feel and fully recognize and approve of that act, its justice, necessity and wisdom.

It reminded me of how in the sacred records of India it is related that certain adepts wither with their will all those who were untrue and who happened to come within the radius of their power.

If we loved our fellow beings as we ought, we would not rob or hamper them. Love is the only power that will rouse the divine spark in the human breast and stir the fire of truth, so that its flaming tongues may lap themselves around the unfeeling psychological tendrils in life and crumble them to dust.

The people in Jupiter live a deep inner religious life, constantly aspiring and reaching out for higher and grander truths. As Jesus told his disciples to go to their chambers, close the door and pray in secret, so the soul hungry in Jupiter retire to some lone spot and there pour forth their heart desires to the invisible. I witnessed a solemn and aspiring scene of this character. I saw a man in an attitude of intense supplication. The pressure of his soul was portrayed in every lineament of his face, on half-bended knee leaning forward. He was seeking and imploring for light regarding a deeper understanding of life and suddenly the atmosphere, as it were, parted and within wrapped in transcendently luminous radiance there stood a woman in shining raiment. She listened to his prayer, ineffable tenderness and sympathy, and gave him the desired light, strength and peace.

As I witnessed this blessed scene, I wandered back in thought to the Mount of Transfiguration when Moses and Elijah suffused in luminous splendor were seen administering to the sorely beset "Man of Grief" and my soul cried out, praying that the Christian and all religions on earth might be freed from their dead formulas and thralldom of mere letters, and become infused with such spiritual life and earnestness that we also, in our dark moments of stress and trial, when pleading for light and guidance, would look within and be visited by the powers of light and granted that succor, inspiration and courage for which in our hearts we yearn and crave.

M A R S

LIKE ANOTHER WORLD

Mars is peopled with an enthusiastic, stalwart, noble race of men, with complexions shiny and black as ebony. They are wiry, muscular, taut and very supple; they play with electricity as we would with fireworks.

They have a way of flashing fire-like radiations from their legs that makes their presence decidedly luminous, lively and at times somewhat dazzling. They appear like huge warriors attired in atmospheric raiments of flame.

None but those that are true to nature can stand those firm, fiery athletes. They are very electrical and thoroughly understand dynamics. They are self-generating batteries and flash fire out of their legs as though they were electrodes, at the least exertion of their wills, and when they bring their feet down with a firm stamp one would fancy he was witnessing a display of fireworks when gazing at a group of these Martians.

They are as swift as lightning in their intuitions (due to true sex combinations) ideal calculators and know how to live true physical lives. They have the God-like reflective reason, finely developed, cause and effect. They are veritable symphonies of grace, health, vigor and strength. There is no sickness on Mars. The organ of firmness is very markedly developed, and the features of these men resemble our Indian type.

The Mars women are beautiful with daintily moulded forms, and with very fair complexions. Their flesh is luminous and just the opposite from that of their masculine companions. They have Madonna-like features and a glossy black, hemp-like fibre for hair, coiled in heavy strands over their heads.

Their eyes are dark and scintillating with that spiritually quickened luminosity, that portrays the Divine Godlight in the heart, and which seems to penetrate right through one's very soul, with that all knowing flash, like a mystic flame that stirs an emotion which tongue cannot frame, and in delirium ecstasy en-chained one stands beholding a woman of Mars.

Mars people face all issues of life with truth. There is no falsity or artificiality with them. Like mountaineers they are ever on the alert. The sixth sense is marvelously developed—that mysterious telepathic faculty that causes all the powers of the senses to act in unison, essence of sense, making them masters in any emergency. The people are kind and considerate of others, tactful, but fearless—with great power to concentrate. I have discovered that the thyroid gland (in the front part of the neck) is the telepathic human faculty or instrument, and when universally conscious, we can communicate to other worlds and receive intelligible answers. In the dog, it is called instinct. In woman, it is more markedly developed and it feeds the intuition. It is the unifying faculty of all the senses—the sixth sense.

These unconquerable, uncompromising warriors of Truth fight with their electric currents or psychological thought waves until the pure human love is highly developed. They are intellectual geniuses and orally eloquent (this plan seems to be the parent of speech). They are ever aspiring and persevering to discover the mysterious regarding life's principles, to realize and embody the same and endeavor to demonstrate at all hazards. Their natural majestic assurance and gracious gallantry make one quiver with admirational awe.

The people of Mars dwell in marble caves which are marvels of art and dreams of beauty. These dwellings are carved out of solid mountains of marble, and they have vast circular stairways chiseled out of those solid walls by which to ascend those huge cliffs. There are statues that stand out like live figures as if ready to step forth and welcome one.

At first I wondered how many eons it would take to accomplish these wonders in art. Hence, in one of my visits I discovered that they did not do their work with their hands like we do, but with their thoughts, heads and shoulders.

This power is a soul-measuring quality, or a psychological energy which emanates with cloud-like effects, and it has an all-feeling and executive force that is projected from their heads and shoulders in the form of an ether-like web with a radius of eight to ten feet, or further according to the will of the person.

Inside of this thought-force there is a power in the form of a bullet of mercury—their liberated individual dynamic energy—which they direct with their will. This force sweeps with lightning swiftness in an active vibratory, or quiver-like motion, engraving these thought-productions—these masterly and scenic effects of Nature.

Our Niagara Falls was faithfully portrayed as these mountain walls. The water appeared as if frozen or petrified. The majesty of those art productions startles one with their naturalness. The people also use this same power to disintegrate and make large openings through these grand mountains. They can desire the openings to remain as such, or allow the atoms of stone to gravitate or fall back into place again and leave them in appearance the same as if they had never been disturbed.

The people have circular couches of marble to lounge on and the individuals wrap themselves in gorgeous, colored blankets of soft material and this makes a very fantastic and picturesque scene to behold.

Groups of Martians choose certain parts of these mountain ranges and place their names upon the sides of the entrances. That signifies the title of ownership to their abode. Another group works and arranges other parts necessary for their use.

The Martians live out of doors a great deal. Their homes seem to be heated by some mysterious electric power which lights up and throws a mellow glow throughout their dwelling places. They have a copper wire which runs in a groove in the ground. This wire, which is the size of the cables used for hauling street cars on earth, is in continuous motion and has attached seats just large enough for one person. On this form of conveyance, or rapid transit, passengers ride with perfect ease through those vast tunnels and avenues which connect their homes.

Mars has huge amphibious quadrupeds that have double-jointed legs and heads at each extreme, one head somewhat smaller than the other, so they can see and travel without turning around. The beasts, like pets, roam leisurely about at random.

The Martians have no money as a means of exchange, but they have a system of feeding original and unique. There is no slavery, drudgery or inharmony among them. When they wish food or drink they simply open a slide in the wall of their dwelling and remove from a trolley a box containing a complete and full course of entables of whatever variety or combination they prefer. These combinations are carefully arranged to suit, and in harmony with the most fastidious cuisiniers or epicurians. While serving themselves this way, they stop the trolley long

enough to remove what they wish. When the people finish their repast, they simply replace the remains and dishes back on the trolley. These conveyances travel to and from a central station, where the food is prepared and all work done by those who volunteer their services and these volunteers are persons who have a loving desire for such occupation.

There is no forced occupation on Mars. Each person chooses his own vocation. There is never any attempt on the part of one person to interfere with another, and everything is done by mutual cooperation.

The women on Mars chirp and coo and whistle in musical, bird-like, dulcet tones when love-making. Two children are born unto each soul-union.

The animals on this planet are horses, cows and other domestic animals, and they are all pets to the people. The cows have two mouths, one above the other.

On the planet grows a large tree, which produces a food product some eight or ten feet in length and in appearance has the form of our eels. When this food is fully ripe it drops off the tree, is gathered and packed in crates, then shipped to the food center, where it is prepared. This is one of their choicest foods.

On Mars there are vast fields of large bright yellow and red flowers growing on stalks of a delicate green color.

The people have wonderful manufacturing centers which I did not have time to fully investigate.

As I did not see any large body of water like our ocean on Mars, I asked a woman for information about this and she said she would show me what they had. She led the way up a huge mountain range and we walked through a narrow stream which she said was very cold, although I could not sense or taste anything.

We ascended to some distance and found an enormous cavern high up in the side of the mountain where the water was rushing forth pell mell from numerous openings like a torrent in a rage, surging, swirling and gurgling down in a fierce commotion, over the jagged and ragged edges of the crags, inside the mountain and then out of sight, tossing its white foam and mist in a deafening roar that far surpassed the thunder of our Niagara Falls. Then the water emerges at the base of the mountain into and supplies a network of canals, which spread over the entire surface of the planet Mars. This was a most wonderful sight to behold, but there are no words in the English language that can adequately describe the beautiful grandeur of this scene.

Before concluding I wish to say the people of Mars have the power to lift themselves up and down in space at will and by the power of their aerial thought qualities.

The canals which scientists hold are found on Mars are excavated, miles at a thought, by the vibratory thought-force of the Martians.

We as individuals can draw our sustenance of life from this world, yes, from the universe and that in turn from the great all. In like manner can any globe draw its essence from the cosmic immensity. There are no limitations with God. The sun sheds its light and life-vitalizing principles throughout this solar system, so may the planet Mars draw its spiritual principle which can transform any substance into liquid or ethereal elements.

THE MESSAGE FROM MARS

In answer to the soul-longing of our race for a conscious psychological union with the inhabitants of Mars is here.

V E N U S

This small but very beautiful and tropical planet is inhabited by a charming race of beings; they are associated most happily in soul-mated couples, for they have a flexible astral (or psychological) tubing, which invisibly connects their bodies, and prevents them from wandering or straying or being separated at any time from their true soul-mate.

This life-cord, however, is extremely elastic, and can stretch out to any extent over their globe or contract, and, of course, they can associate externally with others, in a social way, but between themselves and apart from others they harmonize and blend all essential, vitalizing chemical elements and live in a condition of ecstatic joy.

Oh, Venus, this fairy pleasure world, where they flitter around like variegated butterflies while the sweet-scented balmy breeze fans their aerial oriental draperies, that bedeck their grace moulded perfected forms; while they listlessly glide in that love mellowed rosy-tinted mist, over their placid streams of limpid waters in fantastic shaped gondolas or float leisurely through the air.

One has to learn to tread the ethereal stairway that leads into nowhere to gather the thought essence of celestial film, in order to verbalize an image sufficiently dainty to describe this wilderness of enchanted bliss.

O pleasure of pleasures, sun-lit grace, shimmering aurora, with its rainbow tints, pales into nothingness, in comparison with this love-paradise center of space.

Like the murmuring of waters or the cooing of doves, exhaling effluvia, in the effervescence of love—infatuating the senses in the aroma of joy—while a peach-blossom halo encircles their being and consciousness melts away into a blissful insensibility of abandon-love-life.

They have a Gothic or Moorish style of architecture, with shining domes and numerous slender spirals, also wonderful fountain displays. They are all produced by the power of thought. Love is the great builder.

We have to digest chemically the thought energies of any sphere or planet before we can appear in form visible to others in like state. Their atmosphere is filled with universal creative kernels or thought seeds and this they concentrate on and think into manifestation food, clothing, boats, homes or anything that their heart desires.

S A T U R N

The Earth Ruling Planet

Saturn Has A Very Marked Disciplinarian Quality

is a planet where inflamed ambitions and agonizing cries of despair are blended with the roars and howls for success.

The center where prejudices and heart anguishes are created.

Where ambitions run wild or find vent without resistance.

Where reason ramifies one into a wilderness and dangles the individual on the sharp prongs of the torture-rack.

Where human hearts are used as cobble stones to pave the road to worldly aggrandizement.

Where the fascinating flames of the opposite sexes are like a prairie fire that roars and crackles and inflames the senses, until it leaves the human aspirations like a burnt cinder in the hand of the vampire—and human hopes like smoldering ruins.

In the fierce battle for recognition where human forms are used like checkers, in the game of chance, for life.

Where souls are swapped for watch-charms, or a bit of decorated flesh.

Where the woman who doesn't care meets the man who wishes to be amused, in the force of chasing emotions.

Where spite and cunning are hid behind the veil of respectability.

Where frozen senses stand for morality.

Where the affections are cremated, and love is a hideous nightmare, wrangling with consciousness.

Where jealousy smears the noble aspirant with its smut of deceit.

Where laurels are devoured like a stalk of celery, or purchased for a bouquet of violets.

Where heart wreckers prowl around like wolves, after every innocent bleat, and aim to pluck the tender buds of faith from every trusting soul and wrangle it away for gold.

Where art deceives, maddens and enthuses the senses to a white heat of adoration—in its kaleidoscopic whirl of delusions.

Where the blending and shading of natural colors, tinted to dazzle the imagination, the wonderment, lures me out into the cataract of enchantment, evaporizing and dissolving one's sensibilities until the soul floats in a hazy mist of delusions, unconscious of the real aim of life.

Where enchantresses draw one out into the frenzied whirlwind of despair, chasing the fluffy, breezy nothings.

Where intellectual crankdom and rulership aim to dominate or ruin one—and dictate to the masses and utilize the public spokesman to chant their praise and verbalize their notions.

Where trickery is a make-believe for magic.

Where sophistry drugs the heart longings.

Until some day, somewhere, somehow or other, man reaches the limit of sense life and realizes he has been chasing phantoms and then the real struggle for immortality commences and the human props crumble by the weight of woe, desperation clutches the vapory nothings, until one is forced back! back! back! into the inky darkness of solitude, a wreck. 'Tis thus the reckless, stubborn, selfish Saturnite meets his Waterloo, and his soul hungers for the bread of life and thirsts for the water of truth.

And the light of the spirit within puts forth a faint ray of hope, that steals through the mist of the natural man, and attunes him to nature, where a new heart is created and then a love body commences to form within the old and the communistic longings pervade his being and a rapturous bliss comes quivering back scintillating with gratefulness, for the selfish beats have disappeared and the helpful, all-feeling man and co-worker takes his place.

Each Saturnite thinks that he has the only right to rule, and someone comes along and upsets their apple-cart.

Then the flesh elements commence to war and clash for the supremacy.

Taurus, the bull, represents their animal propensities. They have a thorough knowledge of printing, art and social life. They dwell in spacious mansions and are high livers.

A perfected Saturnite of the highest order of unfoldment has an amethyst jewel developed where the organ of combativeness is located in the back of the head, when the human heart and self has been dissolved, or given up to the spirit.

The inhabitants of Saturn are in a constant round of amusement, dancing, dressing, drinking and feasting of all kinds.

I saw one five-dollar bill, about half the size of ours, and the rest was credit system.

I found three Socialists comfortably quartered there.

Saturn seemed to me to be a larger globe than any other planet that I have visited and they have a great mixture of

styles and sizes of human forms, and all are highly developed in body powers, with prominent and active perceptions, and bulging or full front forehead and marked features, with China-doll-like expressions in their eyes. But they sink in directly over the eyelids, showing the lack of soul unfoldment (the feeling power). (The soul center is located in the middle of the head.) (The spirit centre in the heart.)

They are continually on the alert for flesh energies or any sensation that will keep their body or animal forces active.

They have hell's broth brewing in stew-pots around in every corner, ready to serve and treat the unwary with their contents. If they do not accept willingly, they are hypnotized and forced to partake.

They have vast oceans or bodies of clear water.

Their heavens are studded with stars as thickly as ours.

Each planet seems, at the time, to be the most difficult to assimilate psychologically and digest—but I fancy that Saturn stands out unique and prominent in this direction.

They have such a vast mixture and are so different from what we are taught, or impregnated into our composition as the right decorum for life action. The Creator's manifestation must be for a given purpose, that the ordinary individual with limited conceptions cannot grasp.

I was not a welcome guest at this planet, for some reason. They would not hypnotize or force me and so they played the hose and tried to drown, or drive me out, by watering my stock. They evidently did not wish me to be thirsty, for they chased me around and around quite lively with this ever-ready spray of theirs. I was reconnoitering for news of their physical life (for the earth) and they were determined that I was not to roam around there without being one of them.

I told them I did not feel to take the doses which they concocted for me. So they brought forth a buxom lassie, with bare arms and shoulders (like sole-leather) in a short bathing suit and psychologically the bunch backed her up, and this was to be a real boxing match, whether I wished to fight, or not, that was of no consequence. They wanted a scrap and I must buckle to.

Now here I had to bring my universal tempered forces to bear, so I crossed her arms firmly, in a nice close fold and left her posing statuesquely with her pride fermenting and passion at a high temperature—while the group of onlookers willed all the spare pig-iron psychology they had on hand at me. Finding this was of no avail, they grew curious. Thus we fused our conscious essence with each other. I left them to adjust themselves the best way they could with the universal light they had received. They apparently would rather not have had it, and I brought their elements of consciousness to radiate out through my being and thereby add to the cosmos consciousness of universality.

U R A N U S

The Eccentric and Psychic Influence

That strange tremulous hesitancy pervades my being each time I attempt to formulate the important features concerning the inhabitants of another globe.

To make a concrete statement which will give a satisfactory summary, and then again, there are many surprises regarding the creative principle. That seems difficult to jostle into line.

In going to Uranus, I had to make several trips before I could become conscious of their physical life.

Then I seemed to gather some of their animal essence and through this means attracted a small, possum-like animal with hedge-hog form here, and out of my makeup I projected a little grayish, wool-like blanket, extracts from their earth essence (or human-thought substance) of which I had gathered previously. In appearance, it resembles our materialistic psychic's atmosphere.

With this I teased the animal-like form, and the animal and blanket assimilated, and by manipulation it expanded into a web, that I could stand within upright and becoming covered over with this substance, I then glided through the moving spheres at will. They would have kept me in Uranus as a curiosity, to study, but my universally quickened spirit made my motions too swift for them to control.

I made great, great efforts to make my human will obey my spirit in going there consciously the first time.

Of course, to be universal, we have to leave the finite, and seek the infinite unprejudiced, giving up all the finite sympathetic relationships, and there lurks within our makeup prejudicial tendencies of which we are unaware, until they are put to the test. That is, principles of life we have to become acquainted with.

Each planet represents some pronounced quality, in its perfected state (or nearly so). I think that Uranus presents the religious enthusiastic aspirational reverential side of life's efforts more particularly, minus the church and formulas. They have great firmness and pure or natural head development.

There is visible a halo or luminous emanation (showing the concentrated brain energies) were actively vibrating at the top and over the back of the head.

The planet is inhabited both on the outer (or surface side) and in an inner, small globe, or center sphere.

The outer portion has a large area of land and vast bodies of clear water, which has two streams, a cold and warm one, and suddenly one-half will freeze up and remain so for a period of many months, encasing their ships in their solid icy folds—while the other portions will flow steadily on, side by side.

The inhabitants of Uranus are void of what we call the perceptive faculties. This is plainly indicated by the shape of their forehead. They have a concave, instead of the symmetrical convex forehead. They seem to be governed by a sleepless keen instinct under which their bodily forces appear to be tireless.

The men have a grayish-blueish colored hair and Chapman-like side whiskers. They vary in size, from a dwarf of four, up to eight feet tall. They have little animal passion, and yet are very socially inclined.

The women have a maroon or reddish colored hair. They are very voluptuous in appearance and resemble the Greek types in feature and strength, and would be considered from our standpoint comely.

The inhabitants have a concentrated reserve power, something similar to that of the Spanish race, spiral like, capable of great expansion when aroused.

The inhabitants wear many gorgeous colored garments at a time. The men put on a heavy princely garb and a large colored robe over that and a kind of hood which covers the entire head and neck, when they retire.

On the outer surface of this world they have large manufacturing structures, built over water, and at given times all their numerous working implements disappear beneath the flooring and up through the ceiling, leaving this vast space cleared which they have so quietly and quickly arranged; they change their wardrobes and appear in those of China silk like aerial garments, made of very brilliant Roman colored stripes and they resemble so many beautiful butterflies fluttering around. Their knowledge of colors is very choice.

They play games as if they were having a grand, glorious jubilee and enjoying themselves immensely—thus they interblend with their work and play.

No one thinks of asking another to serve or wait upon them.

It may interest the inhabitants of earth to know that in no other world do the women wear long dresses or lace their bodies up by the use of corsets.

As their bodies are free they have that natural active graceful charm that strength and motion give to the form.

Uranus is the only planet so far where they have money as a means of exchange, except terra firma, in this solar system. Their bills were made of silk and their metal coins were made of some aluminum-like substance. One makes their own offer in a bargain, but they are very careful not to accept any more than would just cover the cost of production as they stated, if otherwise, it would unbalance and throw their relationship out of harmony. They also have horses and railroads and cars.

The inner portion, or center of Uranus is densely populated and resembles a vast city of substantial artistically constructed white wood dwellings about four stories high, with square towers.

There is a rocky, cavernous, interlabular passageway that leads through the crusted walls from the inner to the outer portion of the planet. Only the wise ones attempt to traverse this route.

This inner globe was lighted by a dull twilight.

I conversed with a woman who was advanced in soul lore, and I asked her why they didn't have more light, and her answer was, "that sometimes great souls came there and gave them a glorious shaking up" and she pointed to a cobweb-like or a sympathetic, magnetic network. I took the hint and projected the electal ethereal currents of the universal thought force out of my hand and clutched this fibrous membrane which extended over their globe and commenced vibrating until the threads became covered with phosphorescence, which illuminated them and I caught a flash glance of their interior. This pacified them and satisfied me. Then myself and companion flew away. We had gathered the necessary elements of their life essence and made the needful exchange.

M E R C U R Y

The Universal Child Producing Globe

A magic center for children! Children! Children! Why, they seem to spring into existence in Mercury by magic.

The children of Mercury are not born of flesh and body like they are on earth. They are products of the globe.

There are certain portions of the ground that emanate ether like mists, which slowly rise up several feet. This takes months. Then over this emanation there is formed in the atmosphere a web-like netting with a monad in disk-like shape or polka-dot spots, which descend and meet the ether like emanations. The contact causes an electric flash—then, lo and behold, there emerges a group of children about the size of earth's children, 8 or 10 years of age. Nobody trespasses on the ground while this growth is manifesting, but guardians are about to look after this manifestation.

This appears to be the universal child-bearing planet, as most of the globes have no children.

At the neck some have little wings that indicate that they are ready to migrate to other worlds like shooting stars through space.

They all idealize childhood, and that gives them a loving atmosphere to develop in, and they appear very wise. That Christ-like wisdom of non-resistance, that melts all obstacles wherever one goes. They also have the quality of sizing up everything at sight.

The children have everything they require by simply helping themselves. No one thinks of restricting, or owning them. They belong to the globe!

They have many communes and circles and sometimes a whole school of these children will migrate like birds, from one center to another, taking only what they happen to have on, but they always find plenty, lovingly provided for them wherever they go, to supply all their needs.

They live out of doors, principally in large parks, or play centers, and they are so truly attuned to nature, that they have no bug-a-boo morals to worry about, and so both sexes mingle side by side in childish glee.

They have cubicles, small apartments or dormitories around the sides of the immense one-story structures, which are especially prepared for the use of children; there are guardians who see that these are kept clean and orderly.

Men and women together take turns and lovingly perform this function and supervision. Nothing is considered a drudgery, all work when they choose and because they love to do so. No compulsion anywhere, and yet in this vast globe there is no sickness, want or misery.

As the inhabitants reach maturity, they have individual homes, or cottages, of one room each, about 12 feet square, vast avenues after avenues, of these small dwelling places, built of stone or stucco.

There is no overcrowding.

They can be occupied singly or doubly; no one questions the individual's free will. There is no clash or strife—no idea of evil in their hearts.

The Mercurians vary in size up to 8 feet tall.

The inhabitants are mostly all white, but they also have a glossy black plump comely race of people on their globe. All the Mercurians are individually attuned to the planetary wisdom soul guidance of their globe. Their sense of hearing is very acute.

The faculty of endurance is about the size of a large hen's egg. It is located on the back of the nape of the neck, which indicates a marked power of development in this line.

The Mercurians are so aerial-like, and swift of foot, that often when cut out in an open space, and when they have their severe, or intensified wind-storms which suddenly blow up a gale, and thus scatter the different groups of inhabitants, speeding each along in separate directions.

But this does not seem to bother them in the least, for they feel at home wherever they happen to find themselves.

This seems to be the soul's paradise where there is no need of wearing a mask. They are all non-attached, and live free from any flesh ties. So they go about working, building and merrymaking; no judges, or juries, or man-made laws, no

intrusion on what another should do, no ownership, nor servitude, no beggars or bosses, riches or classes. All bow to the divine light within each soul.

They have cars and railroad systems to convey the inhabitants over their plains, when they wish to travel that way.

In some portions of Mercury, they have immense sloping hills, and vast bodies of water, but somewhat shallow, with numerous towering coral trees.

Their diet consists chiefly of wheat, nuts and fruits, and these trees abound in prolific numbers along the highways and byways throughout their globe.

No one needs to be dependent upon another for their subsistence, each individual can help themselves to wheat, fruit, nuts and water to appease the most ravenous appetite, without inconvenience, or the necessity of enslaving another.

The colors that represent the language of the soul's unfoldment in Mercury, are green, white and a pale buff or lemon color.

And the jewels are emeralds and diamonds.

The emerald represents the all-knowing sensing-out quality, and the social, or harmonious physical, and in the perfected Mercurian sense-man when the material concentrated essences are in a crystallized state, there appears a scintillating emerald on the physiognomy where the nose is located.

The diamond represents crystallized magnetism, or the brilliant oratorical power of eloquence. This faculty is located in the centre, and front part of the throat, and appears like a glittering carbon.

In front of the thyroid cartilage (or the Adam's apple, so called) there is a little sack which serves as a lubricant or creative force for speech or song. They have a marked voice quality. A jewel represents a faculty universalized.

The Mercurian's eyes are marvelous, and distinct from anything I have ever seen in any of the planets.

They have three pairs of eyelids to focus, or receive impressions through.

The first normal or physical openings, externally, are located and are similar in shape and size to those of our eyes.

The second pair of small, square-shaped orifices opening with triangular lids are above these, in the forehead where the phrenologists locate the organ of size. They seem to open and are used in a psychometric manner, or as a lightning calculating soul-measuring quality, which enables them to penetrate into the chemical mysteries of sense-life.

There is an optical or visional concave lens extending across the entire center or the middle or center part of the head, including the intuitional faculties.

This lens is all one color with no white. They vary in shade in different individuals. Some have a dark grey, others are blue, but mostly all are of a brownish hue. These concave openings appear like glistening mirrors or that of polished steel, and they scintillate with a fascinating, quickened intelligent gleam.

In the highly perfected Mercurial adept, there is running across the forehead over the perceptive region, a wrinkle or crease which normally is barely visible. But when the individual is spiritually active, then these large lids open and, behold, there is one great awe-inspiring sun effect eye, exposing the psycho-optic crystal-lens, or the celestial perspicacity, revealing in its radiant glance the tender and all-feeling luminous grandeur of the soul.

SPIRITUAL VISITS TO NEPTUNE

WHY LA VIESTA WISHED TO VISIT OTHER PLANETS

La Viesta has tried and proven her spiritual ability to leave the body in spirit at will, and visit any part of this globe, to her own satisfaction. Then, wishing to make a trip to other worlds, she asked the Powers of Wisdom if such could be accomplished. The answer came that many souls had attempted to penetrate the consciousness of other worlds but these had failed to remain in connection with the body during the transaction, as the people of the earth were all steeped in selfishness, instead of loving other selves as theirs—this being the case in all other globes.

Are our neighboring planets inhabited? And if so what do their people look like, and what kind of lives do they lead? These are questions which science has tried for a long time to answer.

Through astronomy we have come to learn a great deal about our solar system. We know the shape and size of the moon and the planets, and we know also at what speed they rotate and revolve in their celestial circuits. But we must guess at the appearance of their surfaces, and whether any living or human beings dwell on the other orbs that circle about Old Sol.

Is it possible that we shall longer be in the dark on these matters? Hardly. If the claims of New York's Mystic are true there is life on the other planets, and the life on each differs greatly from the rest. The people on Neptune, for instance, differ considerably in appearance and habits from those on Venus and Mars. So our textbooks in geography and astronomy will have to be revised and new chapters added.

The claims of this woman may clash with those of the scientists, but whether the scientists believe in her or not, she claims, to have made visits to the heavenly bodies in our solar system, and wandered through Hades and peeped into Heaven. What she saw on those visits is something both startling and interesting.

Mme. La Viesta, the planetary explorer, explains how it is possible for anybody "to liberate the spirit from the body at will," and soar off to the witherwards on astral trips.

Mme. La Viesta made a general planetary tour many years ago, and she has often since taken flying trips to Neptune.

LA VIESTA'S DESCRIPTION OF HER TRIP TO NEPTUNE

Neptune is the purple globe of truth and wisdom; the philosopher's nirvana; the muses' dreamland; the poets' paradise, where they remain indefinitely, to unfold their inner nature, and have the pathos of their soul qualities drawn out; the celestial center of geniuses, musicians, sculptors and lovers.

Neptune is where art and sculpture in marble, bronze and china would satisfy the heart cravings of the most aesthetic, imaginative being living, where ideas and great utterances are voiced regarding the symphonies of life.

Several of the inhabitants, when coming in personal contact with me (in a friendly manner) discovered that I was different from them, but could not name just what made the difference, until I told them that I came from the earth, and was writing a book on what I saw on the different planets of the solar system. Then they remarked that every man, woman and child should have a copy of the work, and they would reproduce it in Neptune.

They were very generous and gave me freely of whatever essence their planet afforded, and seeds of a beautiful red flower.

FLOWERS REPRESENT PHYSICAL HARMONY

I became so harmonious when I returned to earth that I only wished to rest, dream and muse over the wonders I had seen, and ponder on how I could give an accurate picture of this glorious state of being.

It seems difficult to acquire an atmosphere sufficiently dainty and harmonious on the earth to formulate phrases so one can pen the thoughts regarding the life of the Neptunites. They live mostly in the involuntary state, and are spiritual and fairylike, while we live in the voluntary state, forcing everything with our physical being.

Let each individual attempt to portray the bliss and ecstasy of love-making, or the play of their imagination, while gazing at a sunset, reflecting its glorious rainbow hues on the glistening glacier peaks of a mountainous range, and they will have a fair idea of the task I have to perform.

THOSE WONDERFUL ILLUMINATIONS

In Neptune are the wonders of individualism, romancing, where genius meets genius and touches the rhythmic, cosmic consciousness of kindred souls, who are quickened and inflamed with the Truth, and where they flash forth sparks of intensified illumination while arranging and rearranging their views, and expounding the problems regarding life. Every now and then there is a burst of light from the top part of the heads of the Neptunites, similar to that of a sky-rocket exploding and leaving a Nebular or cloudlike effect in prismatic tints as a halo around and about them.

Then, as if their minds were in search of another expression, one can see the electric currents of consciousness sweep out from their being, and over the globe, similar to that of summer heat-lightning flashes in spanlike waves, fascinating the beholder.

I will endeavor to frame the scattered fragments of knowledge I have gathered, the best way I can, and let your imagination do the rest.

The songs of their hearts' efforts are voiced in their thoughts and loving acts, and are bestowed throughout the globe by all to all. There, too, the purified, perfected human beings are dissolved in the All feeling, and their consciousness is submerged into the divine mind, and they accept all manifestations of life as expression of the Infinite. Wisdom and non-resistance are the supreme guides.

This planet seems very far away from the Earth, and its vibrations are very, very slow and harmonious.

The Neptunites have vast herds of camels for domestic purposes, which are very clean. In fact, the entire globe is wonderfully clean.

They have all kinds of wearing apparel, but a larger supply of satin and silk than any other kind of dry goods.

THEY GAVE ME A DRINK

They gave me a red apple to eat, and a drink, which, in appearance, resembled champagne. I could not tell just how it tasted, for I seemed to have left my taste at home. Only once in a while have I been able to taste anything while out in the spirit.

They have mammoth market places, like fair-ground centers, where they bring their products and take away whatever they require.

They are all equal partners in Neptune. They have no children.

One of the marvels I saw in Neptune was a beautiful form of a woman, which was lying full length imbedded in the ground. Her figure covered an area of about two hundred feet in length, and well proportioned; she was artistically robed in harmonious colors, and this statue was composed of marble, granite, slate and china.

This woman could talk without moving. She kept right on voicing wisdom to all who spoke to her, in a musical strain, representing the spirit of the Earth.

They have numerous handsome jet black, glossy brown and white horses. They sport around and move in spirited freedom over the plains. They were more for companionship, as they did not seem to be used for any kind of drudgery.

These noble, intelligent beasts realized that I was a stranger, and wished to show their appreciation. They followed me about, and at first I felt a little shy of them.

They frolicked about in demonstrative fashion, very much like an overjoyed dog wishing to welcome a friend.

They would run off and suddenly fetch up, before me, resting on their haunches, and looking into my face in wonderment, as if for approval.

Then they would match up in teams and run a race by themselves, test their own strength and pace.

I asked a woman if one of these horses belonged to her, and she glanced at me quizzingly; the term ownership had no meaning to her.

APPEARANCE OF NEPTUNITES

The people of Neptune have square shoulders, and are full chested.

They have tapering limbs and bodies, and the men are similar in appearance to that of the Shakespearean type, with silver-colored hair and beards. Neptunites have teeth like diamonds.

Their facial expression has a soft, noticeable, active and changeable vibratory quiver, similar to the action of water stirred continuously by a balmy breeze, or that of an active thought current.

The women are similar in appearance to that which is represented in the Venus de Milo form. Their eyes are wonderful.

One has to make a special trip to Neptune to in any way conceive of the glory that can be imaged forth in a glance which looms up from those all-knowing, loved, mellowed souls.

They have on the planet a vast mixture of highly tempered individuals, mostly all white, but some black races, and also a brilliant bronze colored, athletic class, that dwell more on the outermost portion of their world.

Neptune's sun has a most delightful and peculiar mellow glow, which lights up the electric bluish green savannahs, that are studded here and there with short brown shrubs, about two feet high, covering large areas where little bluebell flowers grow in great profusion.

HOMES AND SANCTUMS

Neptune homes are about four stories high, and four hundred feet long. Each individual has his own private apartment, or sanctum, and when closed no one intrudes, but when open, they roam about in a brotherly or family attitude toward each other.

They have large, open, oblong spaces inside their dwellings, fixed up like a miniature fairy park, and every conceivable convenience that a scientific, genial, artistic and loving race of people can prepare for the comforts of each other is there.

They have no judges, priests, money, doctors, poverty or schools. Each is God-taught, receiving his intelligence from the divinities.

They have vast bodies of clear water, which cover large portions of the planet, and where they freely bathe and sport around in the bosom of its placid liquids as much at ease as if they were on the land. They evidently esteem pure fresh water, for inward reanimation and outward cleansing, as being the true blood of nature, the wine of life.

I was tempted to take a dip in those delightful depths, and found them very agreeable. So I swam along swiftly for some distance until I came suddenly to a large space, where there arose

up about ten feet high and rested on the glossy surface like a mound of white frosting, a quiet foam, which extended as far as eye could scan.

This water seemed to be passing through some chemical process of purification.

They have huge mountains and beds of granite, filled with little pockets, or hollows, and a shallow crystal flow of water rippling over its surface, where one has to ford barefooted. It is a sacred place, I should judge, for when one presses his feet in one of those little hollows, the essence of the concrete element seems to permeate, kindle and inflame the entire being into a living, phosphorescent glow, curious to behold.

The heating and power generating process of Neptune is located in subterranean brick passages, underlying nearly one-fourth of the planet.

In this underground world, glistening steel machinery is kept running, emanating intense heat, to which those who were working seemed not at all sensitive.

ELIXIR FOR PREPARED SOULS

Now we come to poet's beverage for souls that are especially prepared for it. This is made up of a universalized physical substance, made of the essence of being, which the manipulators dexterously handle, and with a kind of tweezers gently apply it to the individuals to be surcharged.

Then the Neophyte who is thus especially prepared becomes all anxious and eager to inhale this effervescence or breathe this elixir.

The entire being is tensioned up until every fiber is taut and the whole body is all aquiver with expectancy, greatly exciting the medulla oblongata, and stimulating the sublingual and salivary glands, causing them to spatter like a spray of ether forced from a syphon, and causing the tongue to wobble about in an ecstasy of pleasurable devotion.

Then the individual sinks into a delightful state of coma, when the attendant gently places him in a reclining position, and covers him over with a soft and voluminous coverlet.

He is thus to slumber indefinitely in a peaceful sleep until the poet's faculty passes through the transitory stage. When the individual wakes he begins writing, writing, writing with a tremulous delight and eagerness to portray the wonders of life and his delicious experience while passing through this transitory stage.

SOME POETRY FROM NEPTUNE

Here is a sample of a Neptune verse:
The melodies of rhythm are born,
And like the chirping of birds
Do they chant the day long,
Chimes of their souls are commingled in song.
They breathe in the light, and make merry the rhymes,
Ingenuously weaving the mysteries of life.

O tral, lul, lul, lul, la,
The saints sing out their praise,
Where the trembling of emotions rise high within their scale,
And treasured recollections breathe forth their luscious strains,
Where the murmuring of the waters exhales in ecstasy,
And the ethereal zephyrs coax hope out into flame,
That leap beyond the senses and rhythms back again.

A celestial soul union in Neptune is where two souls join and enter one of their numerous boats, and steer for a mooring, and tie their skiff to a buoy, so that no one will come near or interfere with them during the process, and thus they soulfully match up their different qualities, soliloquizing, and each seeks to unite the wishes, thoughts and moods to that of the companion, at the same time tune themselves to Nature. In an apparently listless attitude, afloat on the liquid depths, they calmly and resignedly approach this gladitorial but pleasurable soul task, and consciously abandon themselves entirely into the involuntary state of thought, where the Infinite Intelligence unites the egos and soul qualities.

LOVERS DON'T GET HUNGRY

During one of these heart efforts, the lovers do not partake of food or drink, and heat or cold have no seeming effect on them. While in this transitory transformation state, which lasts for days, they radiate out of their being a luminous ether, which slowly settles in a kind of cloud-like halo over them, and melts all the solids of their bodies into a tremulous foam or thought force, and loosened energy. Then the immortal within each comes forth and their hearts beat in unison, and their souls throb as one.

Their souls hold communion for a time, and then like a lightning flash they are transported, till this canoe of bliss seems a sanctity of mist.

Like a vapor in flight which wriggles and trembles, rolling and curling, swaying and rotating in the chemical churning from form to essence and from essence to form again, manifesting life. They are physiologically transformed and magically re-clothed.

Then each iridescent soul crystalizes and forms a nucleus anew, and then they separate, and their hearts appear like a dazzling emerald, and each floats off in the azure blue in separate directions to dream the dream of dreams, at rest in the arms of the Infinite, at peace on the bosom of love.

In a hazy mist like a bower of roses, their atmosphere takes on the shape of a magic hammock, and once more they regain their form, all radiant with beauty, beaming with celestial satisfaction.

They float thus alone in atmosphere for a period, digesting in a seemingly delicious ecstasy.

After a while they again join their number and become one of the active members in their world of verse, art and science, until such time as their soul needs another interchange, and some of their brethren in a like state agree to amalgamate.

NEPTUNE

Is where the divine human is manifested.
 One feels in their atmosphere the same freedom as they do in
 a lover's presence.
 Come back soon and bring your bon a soul companion that
 was with me, was their parting salute.

THE SOUL KISS

I sat, anticipating yet awed, with that instinct alert,
 Dreading yet longing for I knew not what,
 While he, with the swift stillness that bespeaks the all stirred
 within,
 Glided beside me and with tender arms around about me, like will
 o' the wisp
 He drew me closely to his loving breast;
 And he kissed me and kissed me in that gentle way,
 Till the magic thrills enthralled me.
 Opening wide all the closed avenues of my soul;
 And in a delirium of ecstatic joy
 My being heaved and heaved like the billows of an ocean aroused
 from its rest;
 As if the elements had loosened their festive whirlwinds in a game
 of LIFE AND DEATH.
 Oh, LOVE, oh, JOY; immortal bliss—this was a kiss
 That stirred the nerve fluids till they seemed like ruby wine aflame
 in my veins,
 And he grew so tender and loving that it was as if an abyss
 Had swallowed us up in its mystic fold;
 The hazardous past was forgotten, faded away from the hallowed
 Now; the present enough;
 Oh, love's tremulous ecstasy! Life was veiled in a rosy mist of
 enchanted bliss.
 For glory of glories!
 The fairies had transported us to their love paradise centre.
 Uniting our souls with a kiss!

Neptune is where I discovered how to rouse solar-plexus and
 send those all-feeling osculation millions of miles through space.

These ethereal transcendental soul waves in winged bullets of
 energy illumed by faith goes with unerring swiftness directed by
 the spirit.

Its mission to perform and settles like a halo over the loving
 aspirant. In wave-like devotion which carry the loved ones over
 into the purple shoreless ocean of truth. Into boundless success,
 health and happiness, into the consciousness of immortal mind.

HEAVEN AND HELL

INTERVIEW

By A. E. DIME

Emanuel Swedenborg in his book, "Heaven and Its Wonders, and Hell," has given us an insight into the mysteries that he has heard and seen. It was the claim of Swedenborg that he was accorded a privilege not given to any other mortal in his time and which enabled him to describe and interpret the real meaning of heaven, the World of Spirits, and Hell. In his work he deals not simply with phenomena of the spiritual world and its three distinct regions but also sets forth the true relations and the disordered relations between man and man, or the heavenly life and the infernal life as exhibited in human experience everywhere.

In the immortal work, "Paradise Lost," by John Milton, we have a vivid description of heaven and hell. The "God-gifted organ-voice of England" sang of time and eternity, the fall of Lucifer, the realms above and the regions below in wonderful measures that reflect his conception of the marvels he saw. In Dante's *Inferno* we have also a graphic portrayal of his and Virgil's tour through the nether world, the people they met there, and the numerous circles of the Great Abyss, assigned to the different sinners.

The works of the above are startling and interesting, since they are penned by men who were sincere in their assertions and who claimed to have opened the vistas of mysteries of the world to fellow mortals. Our attention is now attracted to a woman of our own day, who claims to have done what Dante did in his day and perhaps even more. She claims to have visited the heavenly bodies in our solar system, has wandered through hell and peeped into heaven, and what she saw on those visitations is something that is both startling and interesting.

We have reference to Mme. Vesta La Viesta, known as New York's mystic, who calls herself a cosmologist and planetary explorer and who is the discoverer of the now world-famous Soul Kiss. In her studio she told me of her astral trips to hell and heaven and the reason for having made those visits.

The time arranged for the interview was at eight o'clock. With palpitating heart I knocked at the door, and the response, "come in," came in a pleasant, well-modulated voice from within. I found myself in a room, the length of which was about twice its width. It was illuminated by a burning gas jet in the center of the ceiling. Furniture consisted of a piano and a number of chairs and tables, scattered in careless confusion. The tables were littered with papers and manuscripts—signs of a busy worker. A handsome rug covered the larger part of the floor, and the walls were profusely decorated with prints, newspaper clippings and colored lithographs, among which the picture of her I was

to interview was displayed in numerous characteristic poses, attitudes and colors. This pictorial display ranged from a full length India ink sketch, evidently the work of a master artist, to busts and heads in crayons and colors. Several illustrated newspaper clippings giving an account of the original and her theories riveted my attention.

This was the workshop and place of inspiration of Vesta La Viesta, who, as soon as I had received a hasty impression of the surroundings, arose from a morris chair in the corner of the room, came forward with extended hand and a pleasant "good evening. I am glad to see you." As she emerged from the obscurity of the corner where she had been sitting, I beheld a woman of medium height and of indescribable age, plump, erect in carriage, agile and graceful in her movements. Her massive head carries a wealth of rebellious blond hair. Her strong face is adorned with a high brow, on which time and study have drawn pensive lines, indicating the thoughts within struggling for utterance. Her blue eyes are large and full and they look at a visitor with a keen and sympathetic expression. Her arched eyebrows make a fit frame for the windows of her soul. The nose is regular and well shaped and the distended nostrils signify free breathing powers. Upon the lips of her firm and large mouth plays the smile of good humor. Two saucy dimples have found a nestling place in her blush-tinted cheeks and a strong and well-rounded chin displays stability of character. To these attributes must be added a throat of well-rounded proportion, a handsome neck and full bust. The plump hands, with tapering fingers, are pleasant to the touch and they manifest clearly an artistic temperament and an imaginative disposition. Mme. Viesta is a ready conversationalist, she has the fluency of speech and a wonderful vocabulary. A sincere interviewer will not find her non-committal, but she has little time for the idly curious. Ever since childhood she has devoted her time to the study of psychic phenomena and her knowledge on occult principles and spiritual matters is simply remarkable.

In the way of an introduction of what was to come, Mme. Viesta told me of the condition necessary for a person who desires to make an astral trip. She began:

"From one circle to another, there is a heterogeneous mass (of beliefs and notions) which forms a mental wall, and one has to fuse his way through this incrustation of opposing elements. That is why individuals become sphere-bound. It is so difficult to leave one set of acquaintances and emerge into another (each clique has its own brand of morals) of psychological restrictions. All circles have to be fused with lovingly before one becomes universalized, which is not so easy as one might imagine."

La Viesta claims that she has "fused with universality" and by so doing is able to liberate the spirit from the body at will. Thus in her spirit form she has made an astral tour to all the worlds in this universe. A decided conscious tour was made by her along about the eighties, and what she saw on our neighboring

planets, the sun, the moon, and in Hades, also the glimpse she had of heaven, would make reading matter for volumes and would be highly interesting. Her description of Hell is especially remarkable, and having asked her to tell me of its wonders, she told the story about the "Great Abyss" and its mysteries.

Mme. Viesta was spiritually prepared by the Prince of Inferno to pass into Hell. And this trip had to be taken, before she could go to the planets.

The Prince took her to the entrance of Hades, then with his sceptre he struck a boulder, the earth parted, and La Viesta felt herself invisibly drawn in through the earth's crusting and then she passed through many inter-labyrinthal passageways into the numerous states of being. Numerous little imps, carrying in their hands burners of incense, came dancing up and hurled at Vesta the poisonous emanations which almost overcame her. She imploringly looked around and found Beelzebub near by. He then wrapped her in his flame-colored mantle and whisked her out of this dungeon. Then she went through the necessary preparation. She was physically surcharged with a rag-carpet-like covering, which she had to assimilate bodily. She then went forth on her tramp through Hades. Mme. Viesta had to go through this preparation, in order to prepare her body to withstand the great reaction that would naturally follow from any of the trips to the planets.

Continuing her experience in the nether world, she said:

HELLDOM

"The Sandy River in Roastendom is located in the center of Hades; souls come hither and must pass through or remain Hell-bound. To cross this treacherous stream one has to know human life in all its multitudinous forms, for this current abounds with whirlpools and under-suctions that fling one around and around in its dizzy whirl and noxious atmosphere of sebaceous odors, where the wildest confusion reigns.

"Death here with its stony, bony grip grasps and dances one through its wriggling and swirling eddies of sand-grit and chalky liquids, till everything is dark and dreary in the deep, cold volatile valley, located between the towering jagged mountains that loom up on either side of the abyss of unfeeling atoms that compose this caldron stream.

"The physical elements of the conservative know-nothings, who have not faced life, and the merciless one-sided stolid and cal-loused rulers, who think that might is right, are flung into a disintegrated mass, hurled into a heap together with the beggars of undeveloped lust and the weather-beaten virgins to equalize and swell this tide of maddened fury. While swimming, struggling and endeavoring to cross the center of this stream, terror seized me like a hideous nightmare and caused my inner light to cease shining momentarily and in my frenzy I cried out with all my might and soul for light, light, and a glare of red flames, like

a lightning flash, came from above, and, as I glanced up, I beheld the Prince of Inferno (for God has his guardians everywhere), and the flash lit up this livid scene, subduing the fractious elements that frolicked round like torturing imps that filled the air with consternation, clash and despair.

"Satan stood aloft on those rocky peaks with his shimmering flashlight, and on his head and shoulders was an enormous bronze filigree battery as a headgear, this being surcharged with the tempered forces of his Kingdom. His dark eyes glowed with human kindness, eloquent with sympathy which showed that he was acquainted with all degrees of human suffering, agonizing shrieks and groans of despair. But this gave me added zest and courage to speed on in the battle for freedom and claim my birthright, the inherited sovereignty of universality. The immortal essence has to be purged of all falsity. True aspiration will greatly assist, but one must know life, live! One has to receive a diploma from Beelzebub as a passport to start out with on a universal tour. This is to show that one has eliminated all preconceived notions of race prejudice and muscular stubbornness regarding limitations and the belief in sickness, poverty, riches, etc., from one's mind and being. The graduate appears like a man, all eyes, after being tested and tempered in Helldom. He has not much of anything to say but looks and acts wise.

"The native inhabitant of the nether sphere is a characteristic mixture of a Don Quixote and Svengali combination. The devil has his sub-sub-sub-cellars, where the burden-bent and soul-tortured rest from the babbling mob, he has his zinc vats where the unfeeling and calloused-hearted sinners stew, also chalk beds for skeletons to crumble and assimilate with Nature from which they have veered, and he has sulphur lakes with their many-colored flames where cats spit and scratch to their heart's content the dogs which have ill-treated them in the past. All these are now over-crowded to suffocation and Satan has practically reached his limit on the present expansion system."

Having asked Mme. Viesta the reason for making her aerial flights, this planetary explorer said that her aim in visiting other worlds was to endeavor to find out how the conditions on this earth could be improved. Having the quality from childhood to liberate the spirit from the body at will, a tour to the whitherwards was within her power. Having thoroughly tested her qualities to observe accurately and satisfactorily any condition that she wished to observe on this globe, she found that we are all steeped in selfishness in this world. Then a voice from the Silence (wisdom) stated that many souls had attempted to bring consciousness from other worlds to liberate the race here, but had failed to remain in the body while going through the universalizing process.

There is something of a striking parallel between Mme. Viesta's visit in Hades and that of Dante and Virgil. She, as the latter two, could recognize historical persons in the nether world. In the Malebolge, Dante picked out a contemporary who, according to the opinion of Benvenuto, was Alessio Interminelli, a knight

or nobleman and a native of Lucca; and Virgil recognized a notorious character of ancient history. It is the claim of La Viesta that she saw, among others, Caesar and Cleopatra, Napoleon and Josephine and Queen Isabella, contemporary ruler with King Ferdinand of Spain. These characters were restricted to certain localities or found in different conditions. For instance, Josephine was found in the chalk beds, and Cleopatra was seen standing on marble stairs. Viesta heard the famous beauty of ancient Egypt make a startling exclamation. Displaying her dramatic qualities, giving her body a backward swing and crying aloud with a voice that re-echoed throughout the corridors of Beelzebub's domain, Cleopatra made the following sweeping exclamation:

"Let the whole world roast, for Caesar's soul is burning."

During her sojourn and wandering through Hades, Viesta saw much sorrow and suffering. The miserable spoke and told her of their shortcomings, the life they had led while on earth, how they had discharged the laws of God, and how they now had to live a life of punishment. Their countenances bore the stigma of regret, and the wages of sin had wrought deep and furrowed lines on their features.

Continuing our conversation Mme. Viesta went on: "A message was given to me by an unfortunate scholar in Hades who describes his pitiful condition and makes a most earnest plea. It read thus:

(He hopes it will reach his soulmate.)
"To my Sofronia:

"Imagine, Sofronia, a continuous nightmare and you will have a faint idea of Hell! And for my past shortcomings of not dealing justly and amiably with my neighbors, I am now doomed to serve in this abyss of despair, until I develop up and out of this state of unfoldment which at least will take me ten thousand years. All because I became hot-headed and burnt what was entrusted to my care, instead of keeping a steady flame for tempering purposes only. One has to balance up accounts and I had no idea that I had so many to square up.

"My hope is now about the size of a lima bean and Satan assures me, if I am faithful and work diligently, I may yet survive annihilation. O pray for me, Sofronia, that I may not be swallowed up in one of those numerous and sudden volcano explosions that take place down here, and I may give you some pointers in exchange how to steer safely through purgatory.

"O, believe me, this is the first time I have had a chance to send a message of any kind to you, there being so few individuals who come perambulating through here for health's sake.

"From your would-be-comforter,

"Fan Hothead, Chief Roaster."

THE WONDERFUL HORSE

Vesta went on to tell me of a rather marvelous horse whose habitat was the Great Abyss and which served as a sort of register or index to the names of the different religions and sects. She said:

"Wandering around in Helldom, I came across a horse which was a sort of crossbreed between a donkey and Don Quixote's famous horse, and this I will endeavor to describe.

"It had a barrel-shaped body and broomstick-like small, stiff and unbending club-footed legs; a long, stiff, tiger-like tail, with a couple of flexible joints at the end and tufted with hair, which it endeavored to switch with impetus while nodding its small and imperious head. Discovering a group of serious and bilious-colored individuals observing it intently, with melancholy expressions, I drew near and discovered that this horse was covered with a network of lines and marks, somewhat resembling a geographical map, and all the different names of religions and sects were stamped on different parts of the body.

"All the different sects claimed some part of the hobby horse, and each was pointing out: 'This is the only way to salvation.' It seemed like religion universally let loose. But it was a highly educated beast and had lots of restricted horse sense, was glib of tongue, and was scampering and roaming about in great shape, seeking experience to make up for lost opportunities on earth; and he seemed determined to find the oil of joy.

THE ICY STATE IN HELLDOM

"Here is a place where they have colossal structures, artistically arranged to meet the sense man. Here are vast libraries and large parks, and so long as one who has been lured into this dream state of delusion lolls around and his bodily needs, as far as appearances go, are well provided for, and if he is content to dwell in this outer loveless, contractive state away from the spiritual side of life's throbbing center, all well and good; but woe betide the being who attempts to assail the God light and leave that state.

"They have to be well capped and booted and have their understanding well illuminated, for the instant one steps out of the roomy porches with the determination within to seek and see congenial heart companionship elsewhere, behold the marrow cakes in one and the nerve forces go down and out, God knows where! Mountains of snow loom up in one's pathway with their glazed crustings and one realizes that he is in freezy-ville. He searches in vain for a compassionate glance, but nothing but the steel cold glare of ambition meets the imploring look everywhere.

"The Guardian Prince of this icy kingdom is ever on the alert to make sure that visitors never leave these premises, if he can help it, and as long as there is any force or power of any value left in them. This avaricious callous ruler rides about mounted

astride a huge stallion of ice, twenty feet long and otherwise in proportion with a giraffe's neck and head; and as his ponderous unyielding hoofs pound the ice-crustured turf, he snorts forth his icy breath which would cover a five-acre lot. One feels as if he had never been acquainted with courage and has the smallness of feeling that would resemble a melted piece of silver. As this sportsman urges his already eager steed of prey forward with undaunted will and gigantic strides, the monster hastens after the deserter who finds the horse sense of the physical man is as helpless as a puff of wind, inasmuch as the natural animal instincts have long since been steeped into artificiality until they are worse than useless.

"Nothing but the wisdom of a sage and God's love can withstand this strutting steed of ice, for it can put its icy lips to the top of a person's head and grab and sap firmness all out and with its frozen breath absorb all the vitality out of a person. The verdict in such a case would be that the victim has apoplexy. Here is a symbol to conditions in ordinary life. All those external grandeurs in the world have been procured by vampirism absorbing the natural supply of resources and life energies from the many for the aggrandizement of the few. The very fact that those individuals freeze up and freeze others is because they are living on the essence of their fellow creatures and are untrue to their highest instincts and live in the artificial state.

"But if one is true to the inner light and firm to God's love and unswerving in his faith and remains feelingly careful and patiently removes the numerous pride-glossed, polished panel-shutters which have walled one in, the Divine Light can and will always assist one through any state, if one is true to it. If you have never met one of those eminently respectable freezers-out, consider yourself fortunate. But if you have, rest assured, that their souls are doing time down in Hades. There are different states in Helldom and what I have just described is not by far all what I saw in my wanderings through the nether world. I passed through one state, where the ground rocks and the water is filled with blood suckers, and one has to pass through here barefooted and in so doing an ashen pallor steals into the frightened features when emerging and remains for some time thereafter.

VENOM'S DELL OR A PURGATORIAL SANCTUM

One of the most uninviting places in Hades would be Venom's Dell or the Purgatorial State, thus described by Vesta:

"This is a place where gaseous fumes arise in the fetid miasma-laden atmosphere.

And flying insects fill the air;

With pools of leeches-broth to quench the thirst.

Blood-suckers everywhere.

And stones in whose numerous pores some poisonous scorpion curls.

The earth is slimy with no firm place
For the weary feet to dwell;

'Tis here, where the self-assured meet their doom.

"All venomous desires take on some insect form or other and individuals who live in discordant relationship (people who gossip are jealous and condemn others) have their atmospheres filled with scorpions and other poisonous insects. (One should be very guarded over what he thinks, for the thought is the creative element.) If spiritualized by loving aspirations, thought produces an atmospheric harmony, the greatest of all magic powers, and brings us into all-good and loving relations.

"There is another state in Hades, where huge animal combinations strange, weird and terrible, creepy, crawly, snarly and winged reptiles with viper's stings grovel about, enacting blood-curdling scenes. Also a serpent's cove, where monstrous snakes with human heads lie curled up in Gordian knots.

"One must have a thorough control of his nervous energy so as not to be overcome by these sights. For each hell-bound soul is destined to stay, until freed from the disposition to rule, condemn or slay his fellow beings. There are some states in the nether sphere that I think it is best left unexplained. There were some merciless realms where they were spiritualizing their bodily desires, and there were other regions where little teasing hell-imps with pronged forks probed and jabbed each newcomer in fiendish delight while dancing about a brushwood fire.

"Against my back was the concave surface of a thing resembling a large oblong shield of zinc, highly polished, which magically propelled and drove me with whirlwind speed through these different states and when I was free from its encircling power this thing, with a half-human grin, made a feint, as if it were going to grab me again, but I recognized that this intelligence had carried me safely through those dangerous places, and I felt grateful.

"In entering Hades I was told not to interfere with any soul in Helldom, but a woman pleaded with me so earnestly to assist her from one place to another, and it seemed so easy that I unguardedly proffered her my aid—when with a crash a torrid blast and the air became suffocating, and I cried aloud to the Sun-of-the-morning: 'O, forgive me, forgive me. I didn't mean to disobey.' Then his force resembling that of a simoon struck me, and I was hurled into a heap alone in the dark and into a huge coal mine. Then a creaking as if something overhead was giving away and a faint ray of light showed me an immense elongated elephant-like trunk. It was swaying to and fro and around as if it were feeling for something—when, lo—it extended

its funnel and drew me into its crinkled folds, and slowly, with a creepy feeling, I felt myself being lifted up, and up, I knew not where. All of a sudden I was landed with a thud at the foot of a slippery hill—my exit from Hell.

A PEEP INTO DIVINITY OR ONE OF THE HEAVENLY STATES

It is also the claim of Vesta that she has had a glimpse of Heaven. When she made her astral tour, she was also given the opportunity of peeping through the curtain that hides the heavenly abodes from the eyes of mortals. In her spirit form, for she saw what many at the point of death claim that they have seen, viz., the splendors of the kingdom of God. According to her, heaven has its different states, or divisions. One is somewhat different from the other—both in appearance and purpose. As a person has led a life on earth, so will he or she lead it in the other world. The good deeds are rewarded in a degree commensurate in the life eternal. The just and truthful in heart will in heaven's domain be tendered the cup of supreme joy and overflowing happiness. When I asked this astral tourist what she considered to be the key with which mankind could unlock the gates through which one must pass in order to enter the new Jerusalem, she took on a serious and thoughtful look, while she told me the following in the most solemn and sincere utterance:

"Anyone who desires can climb to heaven by the ladder of faith in the divine within. Faith is the all-necessary condition. Christ said: 'Leave all and follow me,' and in this lies the meaning of faith, the Christ that is in us. God is faith. If you have faith you can successfully wade through the earth's turbulent (miasma) mire—the lurid temptations. The soul is the spiritualized animal powers in man. The majority of people on this earth are not spiritually centered so to speak. Love is the all-conquering element in any state. We live in a world of plenty. Pride belongs to the animal cultured and to the human states of being. The divine man is all humbleness. Anyone who builds the ladder of faith and builds it substantially, with no weak rungs, will rejoice, for his reward will be that he can at will ascend into heaven's realms on his own accomplishments.

"In going up to heaven I had to climb, O such a very, very slippery hill, at the bottom of which I landed when I made my exit from Helldom. Anyone whose faith is feeble will slip back twice the number of steps he proceeds and more or less according to the strength of his faith. When I reached the top I asked the Invisible Intelligence for guidance where heaven was and they directed me to a cone-shaped ship, waiting in a nearby harbor, which I boarded, and this magic vessel went through the ocean depths, began boring its way down through the earth crusting below and then submarined its way up again through what appeared an ocean depth, and landed me at Heaven's harbor, or the border land of the celestial realms.

"Outside the pearly gates of heaven itself is unrest, turmoil, dissatisfaction and strife. But within its portals, we find peace and rest. Harmony reigns supreme. The God-power is in evidence everywhere and permeates everything.

"When one knows the truth time and space vanish. When an individual has been privileged to witness this celestial realm, all contention, venom, or ill-will towards one's fellow beings are forever dissipated from the mind, and one realizes that this is the goal for which we are all striving. It is like a breath from the ALL."

"After one of these visitations, a person patiently and lovingly waits and passes on and on through all the experiences in life with a full realization that God is love, and that we are all pilgrims through the different states of consciousness. There is no high, no low, in the great ALL. Those souls that dwell in these paradises of bliss are suffused with self-luminosity and permeated with a love for humanity radiating harmony, the magic power, which unlocks all conditions. To describe these transcendental, dazzling, etheric and radiant individuals, is like depicting iridescent grandeur—too sublime for man to mold. The thoughts of them remain in exalted fancy and consciousness divine. Their atmosphere emanates a pungent, nameless seductive aroma. These effulgent creators of love meet the visitors to heaven on the formless and heaven-born shores. One thought of earth's discord and we vibrate out of their aura for one must be God-like attuned to remain in those bliss-formed celestial centers.

"These states, or spheres, and the benevolent countenances of their people can best be imagined, for this realization is to be perceived through the spiritual consciousness only and by the eye that penetrates all thought veils. These souls look like what love feels, and they call forth all one's adoration. They appear in human cloud-like shapes, draped in luminous atmospheric or thought-robcs, and their vibrations are so subtle and changeable that no attempt to a facial analysis would be possible, while in this temporary communion. For these souls come forth from their formless ether, ball-like states, radiating a spray of their luminous energy—for future unfoldment. Those divine attributes are so difficult to assimilate while the ego remains in the physical body. For one has to train up and go days and days without food or drink and keep in a continual spiritual and aspirational state of mind while digesting these forces.

"There is never an encounter with any of those transcendental entities without a definite purpose. Then in turn those thus favored become transmitters, as it were, for other souls less conscious and SO ON DOWN THROUGH THE BREATHLESS EONS. There are many different heavenly states and degrees but this State of Divinity was the most rarified, ultra-violet, or lavender blush-tinted atmosphere of any sphere I have ever been privileged to approach consciously. Some of these souls realizing my inner-

most desire to peep into their heavenly kingdom lovingly parted the thought-portals of their radiant center, so I could behold the interior, as I could not be finely enough attuned to enter.

It was like a vast world, filled with miniature worlds, all aglow and each of a different, incandescent colored tint (representing the different individual souls). Their mode of communication, or signaling, was something like the soft flashes of heat lightning in summer time. Those telepathic aspirational soul flashes were instantly responded to like gently loving rays—darting in every direction, and it struck me as if this must be rainbow center. All anxiety and doubt disappears and peace takes possession of one's soul that the human consciousness cannot comprehend. And a reflection of its beneficent influence permeates one's being somewhat faintly, when the visitor returns to material form.

These glimpses inspire new hope and give added love for the difficulties to be encountered and mastered by loving attitude in the future to all.

How I wish that I could convey its glory in adequate terms.

Vesta La Viesta has a wonderful power of describing the mysteries of the Great Beyond. The following beautiful description of the Infinite is decidedly original and surpasses anything of its kind ever penned by sages of ancient or modern lore:

INFINITY

The Almighty's breath
In lightning sweeps o'er space and
Through the Universal ethers.
While the world's all aglow, approvingly nod, as they
Move in mystic rythm.
While the finite expands into the INFINITE
We receive the omnipresence
And the grandeur of sublimity,
Entrances, intensifies, the imagination.
While the limitless has majestically wrought,
And epitomized the soul of man,
In a light incandescent.

Special revelations of heaven and hell.

Hell represents the earth crusting, or the struggle between the spirit and the flesh-ruling elements.

MISCELLANEOUS

There are some soul glimpses of nameless worlds I saw in some of my celestial wanderings.

I found a small world filled with men only. They were rough, wild, fierce and restless, riding horses as fierce as themselves; living in the wilds but not of a murderous type. They rushed after my soul companion and myself, but we dematerialized through the earth and escaped.

Then, passing through the earth's substance, we emerged into another world filled only with women. These were all gentleness, artistic, and lived in fine palaces or dwellings where they sported about in water, freely bathing in vapors and sprays and fountains, as they seemed to gather a life energy from this liquid.

I spoke with one of the advanced souls there, asking why they were all women and the neighboring planet were all men. She replied that the men went off to fight each other at another part of the globe leaving the women on one side and the men on the other side and the globe separated, forming two worlds. That is what will most likely happen to us if this war-like, destructive element continues in the future.

Another world where the men were scientifically inclined and the women are just negative beauties, that reclined on the roofs of the one-story dwellings in a listless and languid manner, sunning themselves, but the men appeared to be wiry and alert, studying science all the time.

They knew I was from some other world and they pointed to a revolving globe showing a map of the universe and asked me which one of these stars I came from. I pointed to a little black spot which represented the Earth and in astonishment they replied, "from there?" They thought there were only creepy, crawly monsters on that globe. I said, "no." I was from there and we had a great many mixtures of people, animals and things. Houses that reached away up in the sky where we had to take express trains to go to the top of them.

They grew very friendly and showed me about and brought out what appeared to be an ice ship and asked me if we had anything like that. I replied we did, but we had to have ice to glide over. He then stated that was easy. He assisted me in to one of the wings while he balanced himself in the other and froze a strip of water with his will, which melted after we glided over it. We don't use our wills in that manner to freeze water. We freeze up each other instead, if they don't do just as we think they ought.

The fourth world—huge animals where they paraded; people resembling our Russian type, their garments were profusely trimmed with furs and they marched with these beasts in comrade fashion. I named this world Barnum's world.

A glimpse of Number 5. They were highly developed, peach blossom like complexions, pink and white blond types. Here they had a crystal cable circularing the globe and they rose up in the air with their thoughts. Touching the tips of their fingers to this cable they glide along great distances and light down like birds wherever they desired.

But their mating was strange to me. Two souls affiliating and romancing and chanting and singing and rousing their emotions in a sort of ecstasy and from their chests arose ether-like emanations and forming into a large cloud-like atmosphere about them which formed after quite a period an eddy, then from the man's breast there emanated a divine spark and, lo and behold there appeared a cherub, in appearance about like a child of twelve months in our earth.

I was told that in the future the new man on earth would be the child bearer after this fashion, so the new woman can rejoice; no more labor pains for her.

There is no way in which an individual can go from this globe to any other in the physical body, for when we go up any distance in the air the eyeballs freeze and our body elements go to pieces. There is no man-made machine that can stand the rarefied atmosphere, but spiritually, yes, or in our astral.

Neither can we go to the North or South Pole and remain in the body as Dr. Cooke and Dr. Perry claimed they did. The suction is so great it would draw them down through the middle of the earth, for at the two extremes there appears an opening where the currents positive and negative go in opposing direction and then circle around the outer portion. Two smaller globes revolving and fitting in these openings with ball-bearing action similar to the navel orange. This is a truth, figure it out to suit yourself.

A woman should never wear corsets or anything that would bind or interfere with the freedom of the body of the solar plexus action of the stomach. This little air chamber furnishes an energy that feeds the feelings of the soul qualities. Anything that binds the form deadens the flesh and takes away that elasticity of the muscles which lends a charm and grace to the body. Take our Indian women, for example. They have strength, grace and alertness, fleet of foot—due to the form of their attire.

No profiteering microbe pest.

No fragments of human forms going about as tags of war.

They are not seeking fortunes or trying to keep them.

Those ups and downs don't exist among any of the other worlds.

All religions are beneficial, are up-lifting, for all are aiming for the same goal.

The Christian Scientists as a body have the largest light of faith, of any religious body I know of, God is all in all.

Shakespeare says, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

One cannot be sick thinking healthy thoughts, nor poor thinking riches, or loveless thinking love.

One can think themselves into any state. Try it.

Thought is gravitation.

God is "Omniscient," "Omnipotent" and "Omnipresent," Love.

All religious, social and business enterprises are now passing through a universalizing process.

PEOPLE OF OTHER WORLDS

That which comes from the All (spirit) must go to the All. To come face to face with the Christ principle, one must lovingly serve Humanity as Jesus did.

He put His Faith in that Almighty Truth.

"I am the Father of one," and He knew there was no power opposed to God.

And so can you.

God is Love.

To become consciously at one with this Divine energy, one must have the humbleness of the Nazarine, whose infinite smile of compassion dissipated all fears and ills.

Jesus said:

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," and, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

This is an universal principle that must be applied to gain demonstration.

God censures no man, credits nor blames no one. We are all sparks of the infinite, manifesting Life in different states of CONSCIOUSNESS.

No two leaves on a tree are alike.

No two souls are the same in the garden of Life.

There is but one Faith, one Spirit, one Life, one Mind, one God. Pure Thought brings us in all Good, Success, Health, and Happiness.

VESTA LA VIESTA.

